The Beaver

WINTER 1967

THE UNCHANGED STANDARD: "choice goods as can be bought for money"

"Wee would have you keepe, to the Standard, that Mr. Radisson agreed to, but withall to give the Indians all manner of Content and Satisfaction . . ."

LETTER TO GOVERNOR GEYER, PORT NELSON, FROM THE GOVERNOR AND COMMITTEE, LONDON, JUNE 2, 1688

Hudson's Bay Company

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

The Beaver

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THE EXPLORATION JOURNAL AS LITERATURE

BY MAURICE HODGSON

THE PLETHORA of travel journals from Canada which assailed publishers in England and the United States during the nineteenth century was a product of sudden public awareness of the new Arctic frontier through such dramatic incidents as the loss of the Franklin expedition. However, there was a literary tradition which these new authors were tapping, a tradition which started with Hakluyt and Purchas in the Elizabethan age and which continued through the intervening centuries by men writing for a small but discriminating public. The nineteenth century simply popularized an established literary genre. Although there were numerous exploration journals written during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many were not published—or even discovered—until much later; while some are hardly more than curiosities, others exhibit universal themes basic to all creative writing—adventure, quest, initiation and privation.

An examination of exploration journals, then, becomes an investigation of the spirit of expression, rather than a stylistic analysis in an isolated sense. When extracted, the act completed is not one of recognized heroic action, but rather conscious expression of a trial, a true awareness of singular time and place which may be expressed in a single moment of awareness, or awareness over an entire journal. The following extracts from Canadian journals and the commentary accompanying them is not an attempt to be exhaustive in determining literary merit, but simply an attempt to uncover a fresh literary genre in a field which is investigated principally by the historian or the geographer.

Signature of Pierre Esprit Radisson on his will dated 17 June 1710, shortly before his death.

Radisson's journals have survived in three parts: the short captivity journal, the journals of the famous voyages to the western Indian country and, finally, the two journals which describe his enigmatic activities at Hudson Bay when he vacillated in his allegiance toward England and France. The first five journals which comprise his significant explorations—including the captivity journal—are written in his newly acquired English; whereas the two later journals are written by an amanuensis. The captivity journal with its quaint and inaccurate recollections of youthful adventure gives way to the mature explorer, young in years but nurtured by rough experience with a hostile, though ingenuous, people. His voyages to the Onandaga, Mississippi and Superior areas were undertaken within six years, the final voyage completed when he was not yet thirty years of age. Despite his youth, his journals show a man quite antithetical to the boy who perambulated as a captive-warrior of the Iroquois a few years before. The young man Radisson had a completely developed economic sense of the fur trade and this, coupled with the early communication with the land and the people, produced a temperament without equal for exploration, an ideal combination of experience and purpose which was not paralleled by a Canadian explorer until Samuel Hearne.

With the two later voyages to the Mississippi and Lake Superior, Radisson's determination to explore becomes almost fanatical, and though he couches his purpose in terms of the common good, there is little doubt that he is out to ameliorate his own position; and thanks to his unique experiences he is able to do so. The Superior voyage did not start auspiciously for the governor realized the potential of the fur trade and insisted, as strongly as Radisson objected, that he take along two of the governor's servants and that he give them a "moiety" of the profits. Perhaps a distaste for regimentation or officialdom affected Radisson, for though he was willing to "venture our lives for the good of the country", he was not willing to share his personal gain. The object

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of the voyage was definite—unlike the captivity voyage—and was notably successful: "to find a way how they might get down the castors from the Bay of the North by the Saguenay". The route which Radisson and Groseilliers followed was not via the Saguenay, but by way of Lake Superior and the information which Radisson acquired about the north country, and which he later gave to the London merchants, initiated the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company.

With purpose is linked concern for the future: for the captive, wilderness life is comprised simply of a desperate hope for survival in a series of disconnected adventures; but in this journal Radisson well expresses the less strange, but no less terrifying prospect of exploration. The analogies are quaint and the experience very real, "the breech in the water, the fear in the buttocks, to have the belly empty, the weariness in the bones, and the drowsiness of the body . . ." Radisson's new purpose includes vision: a realization that expansion of the fur trade is necessary for the economic survival of France's colony in the New World, and also a grander concept of a basic European need for new beliefs and purposes. America, for Radisson offers a Utopian vista for the jaded European:

> We embarked ourselves on the delightsomest lake of the world. I took notice of their cottages and of the journeys of our navigation because the country was so pleasant, so beautiful, and fruitful that it grieved me to see that the world could not discover such enticing countries to live in. This I say because the Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against one another, or for a sterile land and horrid country . . . these kingdoms are so delicious and under so temperate a climate, plentiful of all things, the earth bringing forth its fruit twice a year, the people live long and lusty and wise in their way.

Paradoxical that Radisson should write such a passage in a narrative designed to encourage the fur trade. Strange that he should not realize that such descriptions could only encourage colonization which in turn would inhibit the fur trade. But Radisson is more than a mercenary trader as is attested by his particular communion with the Indians and their land; he sees an essential quality in savage life, beyond its brutality, which he felt could sublimate the European penchant for conquest and expansion. Perhaps he divined the ephemeral nature of the fur trade, and thus foresaw the necessity of the fur trade pushing to the extremities of Canada, opened by explorers like himself, and followed by merchants and finally the colonizers purged of their aggrandizing passions by the beauty of the countryside and living "long and lusty and wise".

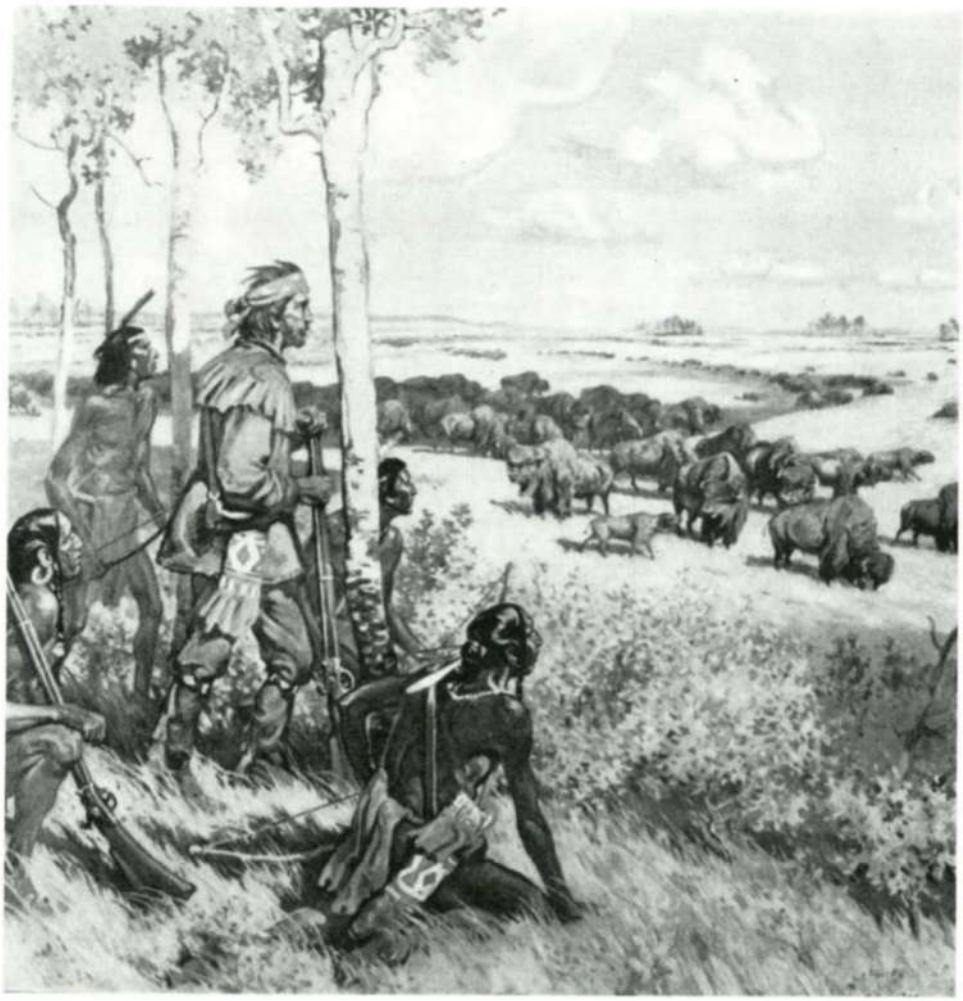
The white man, from the first contact, instilled in the Indians a respect for his ultimate symbols of mystery and power. This is the mystery which attended the first landings in America: the Indians' amazement at the white man's ability to sail across seas that were inaccessible to themselves. The essential symbolism which this instilled—the land beyond the sea, the great white father, the religious symbolism inherent in Christianity as taught by the Jesuits—was reinforced by less significant, but equally powerful and attendant symbols. Such symbols acted almost magically for the white man in territories where, unlike the Iroquois, the white man was still a mystery, awesome and powerful. It was this fear and respect which preserved Radisson and which allowed him to pass unharmed through the new Indian territories. And, aware of his power and the natural respect which the Indians gave to symbols, through their own social and religious lives, Radisson was not averse to calling upon this tradition to cloak his gestures:

> The first present was a kettle, two hatchets, and six knives, and a blade for a sword. The kettle was to call all nations that were their friends to the feast . . . The hatchets were to encourage the young people to strengthen themselves . . . the knives were to show that the French were great and mighty . . . the sword to signify that we would be master of both peace and wars . . . The second gift was two and twenty awls . . . [which] signifieth to take good courage that we should keep their lives . . . the third gift was of brass rings, of small bells, and rasades [mugs] of divers colours . . . that they should always be under our protection, giving them wherewithal to make them merry and remember us. . . .

Radisson shows great courage considering he and Groseilliers had travelled further into the savage country than any white man to that date, and with only their ingenuity to preserve them. But at this early point in the relationship between white man and Indian such symbolic gifts could be expected to preserve them. Not until later, when the western Indians have the opportunity to observe the white man's weakness, his symbolic powers negated by his own lack of unity, are the Indians satisfied no longer with his symbolic gifts of slight value, but only with guns for protection and warfare, or liquor with its strange and debilitating effects. Hence, the very real fear of later explorers like Thompson, alone in the hostile Indian country of the West whose inhabitants can only be impressed by a show of force. The days of Radisson's kettles, awls, and rings passed with the advent of the English fur trader.

As Governor in Hudson Bay, Henry Kelsey at York Fort signed orders in this way in September 1721.

Henry Kelsey was, for some two hundred years, a curious myth in the history of Canadian exploration: a myth which did not become history until the discovery



On the plains in 1691 Henry Kelsey wrote: "This instant [23 Aug.] the Indians going a hunting kill'd great store of Buffillo Now the manner of their hunting these Beast on the barren ground is when they see a great parcel of them together they surround them with men which done they gather themselves into a smaller Compass keeping the Beast still in the middle and so shooting them till they break out at some place . . ."

PAINTING BY
C. W. JEFFERYS FOR H B C

of his journals in Ireland in 1926. It is believed that he was born the year of the Hudson's Bay Company charter, and his voyages were intended to be the vindication of the charges that the company had done nothing to explore its vast territories nor to find the North West Passage to the South Seas. Though indentured to the company at the age of seven or eight, it was not until 1684 that he was sent to live in the Bay. Five years later he was despatched with an Indian boy to the north of York Factory by Governor Geyer "to discover & Endeavour to bring to a Commerce ye northern Indians Inhabiting to ye Northward of Churchill River". The voyage, largely on foot, was a failure. Kelsey spent only six weeks north of Churchill River and on his return to York Factory was hardly acknowledged, being told that the governor did not require any account of his failure to contact the northern tribes.

However, pressure from opponents of the Hudson's Bay Company charter forced the governor to send Kelsey out once again and Kelsey, who was described as "a very active Lad, Delighting much in Indians Compa." was not averse to a new exploratory effort. This voyage, begun in 1690, took him south and west of Hudson Bay; though he kept a formal journal in 1691-2, the short introductory verse account which he composed gives the spirit and sense of his accomplishment, though its ambiguous information confuses the geographer and historian.

The ninety lines which comprise Kelsey's journal-poem are irregular and immature dabblings in the poetic discipline, but since they are probably the first extant lines of poetry written in English in Canada that alone demands some attention. Apart from stylistic or aesthetic considerations, Kelsey's lines follow the traditional quest pattern—purpose, doubt, involvement and achievement. There is an appealing directness about Kelsey which is shown not only in the drive that every explorer exhibits, but in the informal and solely informative material in

his verse. Prose, doubtless, would have been more accurate and pleasing to posterity to express his purpose than

> Through God's assistance for to understand
> The natives language and to see their land

but it is individual, almost a perverse insistence upon his own choice of *mêtier*. There seems to be a superabundance of ego in these men which refuses to be tied down to company or social convention, and their individuality shines in this perversity: Kelsey writing poetry, the *Canadien* Radisson writing in English or even Thompson awestruck and immobile in the Rockies.

Then, as though visualizing the havoc he will create for future geographers, he riddles:

> This neck of land I deerings point did call
> Distance from hence by Judgement at ye lest
> From ye house six hundred miles southwest
> Through rivers wch run strong with falls
> thirty three Carriages five lakes in all

or later, in the same mood, he describes the bear "He is mans food & he makes food of man". The riddle of the location of Deering's Point may never be solved with so little accurate information; which is particularly annoying as it is from this point that he moves on and describes country which indicates he was the first explorer to see the prairies,

> This plain affords nothing but Beast & grass
> And over it in three days time we past
> Getting unto ye woods on the other side
> It being about forty sixe miles wide.

Kelsey's later explorations into the north country are factual in the extreme. Like Alexander Mackenzie, his prose journals are primarily diaries of distance travelled and he seldom allows himself to reflect on the danger or uniqueness of his adventure. And, perhaps, only once in his writing, either in prose or in verse, does he attempt to rise into the ethereal atmosphere of true poetic consideration of the human situation:

> For many times I have often been opprest
> With fears & Cares yet I could not take my rest
> Because I was alone & no friend could find
> And once yet in my travels I was left behind
> Which struck fear & terror into me
> But still I was resolved this same Country for to see

The area of endeavour and the experience is unique, but the expression of human terror, the fear of being alone in a strange country amongst savage peoples, is common to all explorers; and in their attempt to strengthen themselves they reflect the heroic desire of all men.

Signature of Alexander Mackenzie on a petition written in March 1796. PUBLIC ARCHIVES

There is primarily in Alexander Mackenzie a highly developed commercial spirit; the same which initially drove the first English trader, Alexander Henry, to penetrate the vacated French trading area. The spirit which later gave impetus to the North West Company, and which gave Montreal its commercial ascendancy in Canada, second only to New York in America. From Mackenzie and his type, there was established in Montreal the hierarchy of commercial interests—Simon McTavish, the McGillivrays, Mackenzies and, indirectly, the Molsons. Their base was solid Scotch Presbyterianism; their concern, the fur trade; and their strength, ambition resulting from early poverty and the realization of a unique opportunity in history—a continent to be explored and exploited. In considering the achievements of Mackenzie, it is essential to keep the last two concepts together; he was neither trader nor explorer but a synthesis of these two drives: a man who would not be crossed in his design and who had the power and determination to fulfil a conscious destiny.

As a result, Mackenzie as a journal writer is a disappointment. His sense of purpose is keenly developed, probably more than any other Canadian explorer, and his determination is undaunted. But where Radisson appreciates the value of "common good" and instinctively believes in the therapeutic value of the American vista for the jaded European, Mackenzie strides over the West like a latter day Cortez, conquering the land with his Scot's acumen and his formidable prose. Pushed more by a precipitate sense of destiny than danger of lingering in strange and hostile territories, Mackenzie pushes himself and his men to incredible feats: from Athabasca to the Arctic ocean in forty days, across the Rockies to the Pacific by water and land in barely two months. The effect of such speed is disastrous beyond the completion of the feats themselves: the country he states in his preface was dreary and monotonous, the Indians generally rebellious and indolent, and his effort one of constant trials, disappointments and little sense of accomplishment.

The journals of these two voyages, published in 1801, reflect the haste and superficial nature of his experience. There is a highly developed degree of heroic purpose and fortitude, but his detachment suggests that whatever

Alexander Mackenzie, after the portrait by Lawrence.

excitement he experienced is sublimated to his design, and that design so related to his commercial ambitions as to negate the possibility of any aesthetic or truly significant awareness of his accomplishment. Through the pages of his journals, replete with calculations, bearings, distance reckonings and astronomic observations, the explorer's personality remains buried.

Even at times of extreme personal danger, the style of the journals remains static and unemotional. Had the experience been in any sense real to Mackenzie at the time, not even a time lapse of seven or eight years between the action and the recollection or the pen of an amanuensis could erase the feeling of the man in danger. Emotional involvement or expression of uncertainty, so characteristic of other explorers, is so successfully erased that it appears not to have been experienced:

> The rest now approached so near, that one of them contrived to get behind me, and grasped me in his arms. I soon disengaged myself from him; and, that he did not avail himself of the opportunity which he had of plunging his dagger into me, I cannot conjecture. They certainly might have overpowered me, and though I should probably have killed one or two of them, I must have fallen at last.

Curiously, David Thompson, one of the most sensitive and observant of western explorers, met Mackenzie shortly after the latter's short and eminently successful period of exploration, but in his journal Thompson made no observation on the man, only on his achievement. Considering their similar interests, it is an eloquent comment on Mackenzie's retractable nature. Then, some time after the voyages, Mackenzie wrote to his cousin Roderick stationed at Fort Chipewyan, asking him to check on another explorer:

> I wish you would give instructions to collect from the English chief and other Chipeweans the fullest account they possibly can give of Hearne's journey with them to the North Sea, where, according to what I learn, he never went.

There could hardly be any rivalry between Mackenzie and Thompson for the latter was a latecomer to the West—a surveyor, hardly even an explorer, and certainly not with commercial ambitions. Hearne's feat, however, antedated Mackenzie's voyage to the Arctic, and he appears unwilling to accept a rival, though he tolerates a newcomer.

Hearne is a rival in more than accomplishment of design, for where Mackenzie's personality did not allow him to trust his guides, but alternately to goad and cajole them, Hearne placed his life and venture in the Indians' hands. Mackenzie's "English Chief" presents an interesting parallel to Hearne's Matonabbee, and the former's treatment of his chief guide is a model for subsequent explorers:

> The English chief was very much displeased at my reproaches, and expressed himself to me in person to that effect. This was the very opportunity which I wanted, to make him acquainted with my dissatisfaction for some time past . . . he accused me of speaking ill words to him . . . [and] concluded by informing me that he would not accompany me any further . . . [later] I sent for the English chief to sup with me, and a dram or two dispelled all his heart-burning and discontent . . . I took care that he should carry some liquid consolation to his lodge, to prevent the return of his chagrin.

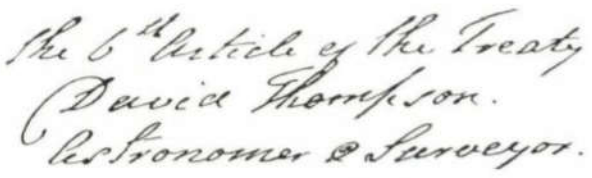
Unlike Hearne, Mackenzie regarded the Indians as weak and inferior beings; and whereas Hearne sympathized with his chief and his highly developed sensitivity, Mackenzie saw only the weakness and produced the expedient of the Montreal traders—rum.

Though Mackenzie's journal writing develops somewhat cautiously from the factual day to day recordings of the Arctic voyage to a sometimes excited, though objective, relation of natural hazards on the western traverse to the Pacific, his writing is as barren and factual as the inscription he chose to mark in grease and vermillion at the successful termination of his dreams:

> Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three.

And that dream, though physically achieved, never materialized in the more capricious realm of the written word:

> Did I sit down to write, I was sure that the very things that I ought not to have been thinking of would occur to me instead of what I had to do . . . In short, my mind was never at ease, nor could I bend it to my wishes.



David Thompson worked on the boundary survey 1816-26 when he signed this report.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES

The explorers were of necessity dependent upon the Indians as guides and hunters but some, like David Thompson and Samuel Hearne, chose a closer relationship which often had paradoxical effects on the initial master-servant relationship. But, by voluntarily succumbing to the land and its people, these journal writers were rewarded with an experience beyond the imagination of those explorers who simply traversed the land and used the people.

Strongly religious, abstemious, and inclined to melancholy and doubt, Thompson also possessed a strong sensitivity which forced him into a close association with the land and its people for the 42 years he mapped western Canada. Curious that the man who appeared to fear the Indians the most, who delayed and changed the direction of his traverse of the Rockies because of unfriendly contact with the Piegan Indians, was the one, even to a greater degree than Hearne, to sympathize with them. Thompson relates to the Indian race as a whole, and his narrative is replete with anecdotes of the Indians' bravery, selflessness, religion, ethics and social customs—as a worthy foe he fears, but honours them.

Often the amateur scientist-naturalist Thompson comes into conflict with the Indian superstitions or traditional beliefs. Basically self-taught, Thompson's embryonic scientific nature rebels against the pantheism of the Indians, but his science seems weak in face of their certainty and more than once he succumbs, as he must do as he absorbs their life. One dramatic instance of his surrender occurred when Thompson and some natives were estimating the number of caribou in an annual migration which took two days to pass York Factory. Though there was no quarrel over numbers, the purpose of the migration was broached:

> . . . they said, You that look at the Stars tell us the cause of the regular march of this herd of Deer. I replied "Instinct" . . . Oh Oh, then you think this herd of Deer rushed forward over deep swamps, in which some perished, the others ran over them; down steep banks to break their necks; swam across large Rivers, where the strong drowned the weak; went a long way through the woods where they had nothing to eat, merely to take care of themselves. You white people, you look like wise men, and talk like fools . . . Do you not perceive this great herd was under the direct order of their Manito. . . . I have sometimes thought Instinct, to be a word invented by the learned to cover their ignorance. . . .

David Thompson in the Athabasca Pass, 1810.

C. W. JEFFERYS, IN IMPERIAL OIL COLLECTION

The Indian's victory is a subtle one and based not only on Thompson's imperfect scientific training, but equally on his fascination with the Indian philosophy.

He visualizes the white man in America as an exploiter; for his is the romantic notion of an ideal wilderness ruined by the hand of civilized man. At times his philosophy assumes a symbolic bent and, like the Indians, he sees man battling nature for ascendancy, a constant striving for survival. Perhaps, though, Thompson sees Man and Nature locked more in a rationalistic state of balance than a battle for ascendancy. The beaver becomes the symbol of Nature for Thompson: as long as the beaver thrives and maintains its level Nature is secure:

> Man was Lord of all the dry land and all that was on it. The other race was the Beaver, they were safe from every animal but Man, and the Wolverine . . . Thus all the low lands were in possession of the Beaver . . . the dry land with the dominions of Man contracted, every where he was hemmed in by water without the power of preventing it: . . . they [the Indians] procured from the French Axes, Chissels, Knives, Spears and other articles of iron . . . Thus armed the houses of the Beavers were pierced through, the Dams cut through, and the water of the Ponds lowered, or wholly run off, and the houses of the Beaver and their Borrows laid dry. . . .

Such deliberate rhetoric is rare in Thompson's narrative, but it expresses well his impatience with man in conflict with nature, and points out who Thompson feels is the real culprit—the European. As representative of the North West Company, noted for its excesses in pursuing the trade, his attraction, consequently, to the Indians was quite natural. And natural, too, that he should compare the ungodly, rum-bearing fur-traders who were his associates with his notion of the native Indian:

> Their walk is erect, light and easy, and may be said to be graceful. When on the plains in company with white men, the erect walk of the Indian is shown to great advantage. The Indian with his arms folded in his robe seems to glide over the ground; and the white people seldom in an erect posture, their bodies swayed from right to left, and some with their arms, as if to saw a passage in the air. I have often been vexed at the comparison.

I am Hon.ble Sirs Your most Obd.t
much Obliged, and Very humble
Servant at Command
Sam.l Hearne

H B C ARCHIVES

Conclusion of a letter from Samuel Hearne to the H B C in London in 1777. The portrait was published in "European Magazine" twenty years later.

After four years of service with the Hudson's Bay Company in the Bay, Samuel Hearne was in late November of 1770 back at Churchill for ten days between explorations. To the account of his journeys written at that time he appended a note about his chief:

> Mr. Norton was an Indian; he was born at Prince of Wales's Fort, but had been in England nine years, and considering the small sum which was expended in his education, had made some progress in literature. At his return to Hudson's Bay he entered into all the abominable vices of his countrymen. He kept for his own use five or six of the finest Indian girls . . . and . . . took every means in his power to prevent any European from having intercourse with the women of the country; . . . and shewed more respect to one of their [the Indians'] favourite dogs, than he ever did to his first officer.

Hearne's years as a sailor aboard the frigate *Bideford* during the Seven Years War inured him to privation, which stood him in good stead during his journey to the Coppermine River; but it could never prepare him for the profligate half-breed Moses Norton, governor of Prince of Wale's Fort. Son of a former governor and an Indian mother of a tribe that Hearne rated as "the most debauched wretches under the sun", Norton was a certain antidote to Hearne's remaining at the fort. Although Hearne was posted at the fort to undertake an expedition to the area that had yielded some interesting samples of copper, and incidentally to relieve the pressure from the company critics, he was not expected to exhibit much initiative. However, faced with a lieutenancy under Norton, Hearne chose the uncertainty of the wilderness rather than the certain hell of so notorious a superior. Without this explanation, it would be difficult to account for the alacrity of Hearne's repeated attempts to reach the Coppermine River.

Hearne's first voyage carried him only a few hundred miles west of Hudson Bay, and with the desertion of his guide, the conjurer Chawchinahaw, and the Indian hunters, he had to return to the fort with his two unhappy European comrades only a month after his departure. Then undaunted, or not wishing to remain with Norton, he struck out again within two months of his previous failure. The second expedition was hardly more auspicious, though he had learnt from the first and took no encumbering Europeans. Thus he had taken his first step toward integration and psychological captivity by the Indians. Though free of Europeans, he was not yet free of European inexperience and inappropriate equipment:

> . . . what considerably increased the hardships was . . . the coarseness of our lodging . . . The tent we had with us was not only too large, and unfit for barren ground service, where no poles were to be got, but we had been obliged to cut it up for shoes. . . .

On his final successful trip with the guide Matonabbee, Hearne learnt to prepare his tent poles before entering the barren ground and also to concur with Matonabbee's dictum that they be attended by women who "were made for labour; one of them can carry, or haul, as much as two men can do. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night . . .". Meanwhile he was at the mercy of Norton's ineffectual guides for he did not meet the fabled Matonabbee until September of 1770 as he was returning to the fort after breaking his quadrant. Then, mysteriously appearing from the west at a point when Hearne once again was being deserted by his Indians, Matonabbee proceeded to enliven Hearne's travels by his company and his encouragement. So much so that Hearne's initial impression, "the courteous behaviour of this stranger struck me very sensibly", contains an epithet that Europeans would hardly associate with the savage. Subtly the Indian life, and specifically this Indian chief, was absorbing Hearne.

Matonabbee, always free with his advice, diagnosed the reason for Hearne's repeated failure in terms that Hearne could appreciate and second—the misconduct of his guides and, principally, the lack of women. The latter was antithetical to the views of Governor Norton, but

by the time Hearne was prepared for his third venture, Matonabbee and his ideas had gained ascendancy. Scarcely two weeks after returning to the fort, after an arduous seven-month journey, Hearne commenced his third and final voyage. The trip took eighteen months and twenty-three days and during that time Hearne had no intercourse with a European. From the time of departure Hearne follows the dictates of a later Arctic explorer, Stefansson, by allowing himself to be dictated to by the natives and their experience with the country. Soon he appears to have no authority, at least he does not assert himself:

> On the nineteenth [December], we pursued our course in the North West quarter; and, after leaving the above-mentioned creek, traversed nothing but entire barren ground, with empty bellies, till the twenty-seventh; . . . it was the twenty-seventh before the meat was brought to the tents. Here the Indians proposed to continue one day, under pretence of repairing their sledges and snow shoes; but from the little attention they paid to those repairs, I was led to think that the want of food was the chief thing that detained them, as they never ceased eating the whole day.

Thus with some humour Hearne describes his capitulation, and soon after he shows his dependence upon Matonabbee's judgement when the party spends a week drying and pounding up deer meat to carry with them.

Relieved of responsibility as leader Hearne's sensitive powers of observation roam not only over the wild life, which he records with the thoroughness of Thompson, but over the Indians themselves. The Northern (Chipewyan) Indians strike him as the finest he knows, and his sympathies lie with the neglected women, first with humour:

> Ask a Northern Indian, what is beauty? he will answer, a broad flat face, small eyes, high cheek-bones, three or four broad black lines a-cross each cheek, a low forehead, a large broad chin, a clumsy hook-nose, a tawney hide, and breasts hanging down to the belt.

but individually with much feeling:

> The instant, however, the poor woman was delivered, which was not until she had suffered all the pains usually felt on those occasions for nearly fifty-two hours, the signal was made for moving when the poor creature took her infant on her back and set out with the rest of the company; and though another person had the humanity to haul her sledge for her, (for one day only,) she was obliged to carry a considerable load beside her little charge, and was frequently obliged to wade knee-deep in water and wet snow.

His deep sympathy remains with Matonabbee whose nobility and sensitivity make him an easy mark, despite his exalted tribal position, for warriors stronger or less responsible than himself. Throughout the trip Matonabbee is dogged by problems involving his seven wives. A young and most comely one elopes at which the Chief, to Hearne's surprise, seems inconsolable, and another would have been taken from him by force had he not given way and bargained for her. This unhappy dispute with a stronger Indian nearly proved fatal to the expedition for Hearne notes that Matonabbee ". . . took this affront so much to heart, especially as it was offered in my presence, that he almost determined not to proceed any farther . . ." Matonabbee's concern over Hearne's reaction is only outweighed by the latter's dependence upon his guide, and in a curiously European manner he appeals to Matonabbee's honour to continue the voyage. The integration of Hearne has a parallel in the Indian's adoption of European custom: he agrees to continue.

Hearne, the consummate story-teller, builds his narrative not only toward the goal of his explorations, but he parallels his quest with the goal of the Indians—the

Hearne not only wrote but included in his book his drawing of Lake Athapuscow (Great Slave) in the winter of 1771.

destruction of the Eskimo encampment at the mouth of the Coppermine river. As the party approaches the river its numbers increase, as does the certainty of executing its design. Hearne's reaction initially is to condemn the Indians' design, but by that point the success of his venture is so tied to the Indians that his hesitancy is interpreted as cowardice and his own design is jeopardized. Dramatically he acquiesces, again realizing the unique and dangerous position he holds:

> . . . I never afterwards ventured to interfere with any of their war-plans. Indeed, when I came to consider seriously, I saw evidently that it was the highest folly for an individual like me, and in my situation, to attempt to turn the current of a national prejudice. . . .

Virtually a captive of the Indians by this time, Hearne is forced not only to condone the inevitable massacre of the Eskimos, but he takes an active part, if largely a defensive one, in the attack.

> . . I determined to accompany them, telling them at the same time, that I would not have any hand in the murder they were about to commit, unless I found it necessary for my own safety. The Indians were not displeased at this proposal; one of them immediately fixed me a spear, and another lent me a broad bayonet. . . .

Hearne minutely describes the preparations for the attack, both the physical and superstitious, as well as his own trepidation. The actual battle, as expected, is a farce. The sleeping Eskimos are quickly massacred as they flee their tents, and though other explorers recount more numerically impressive massacres, Hearne's involvement is so personal and the effect of his description so real that his writing transcends the involvement he so assiduously rejected earlier. The climax of the battle, the murder of the young Eskimo girl who seeks his protection, is a powerful symbol of Hearne's guilt over his approbation of the massacre.

> . . . when the first spear was stuck into her side she fell down at my feet, and twisted round my legs, so that it was with difficulty that I could disengage myself from her dying grasps . . . even at this hour I cannot reflect on the transactions of that horrid day without shedding tears.

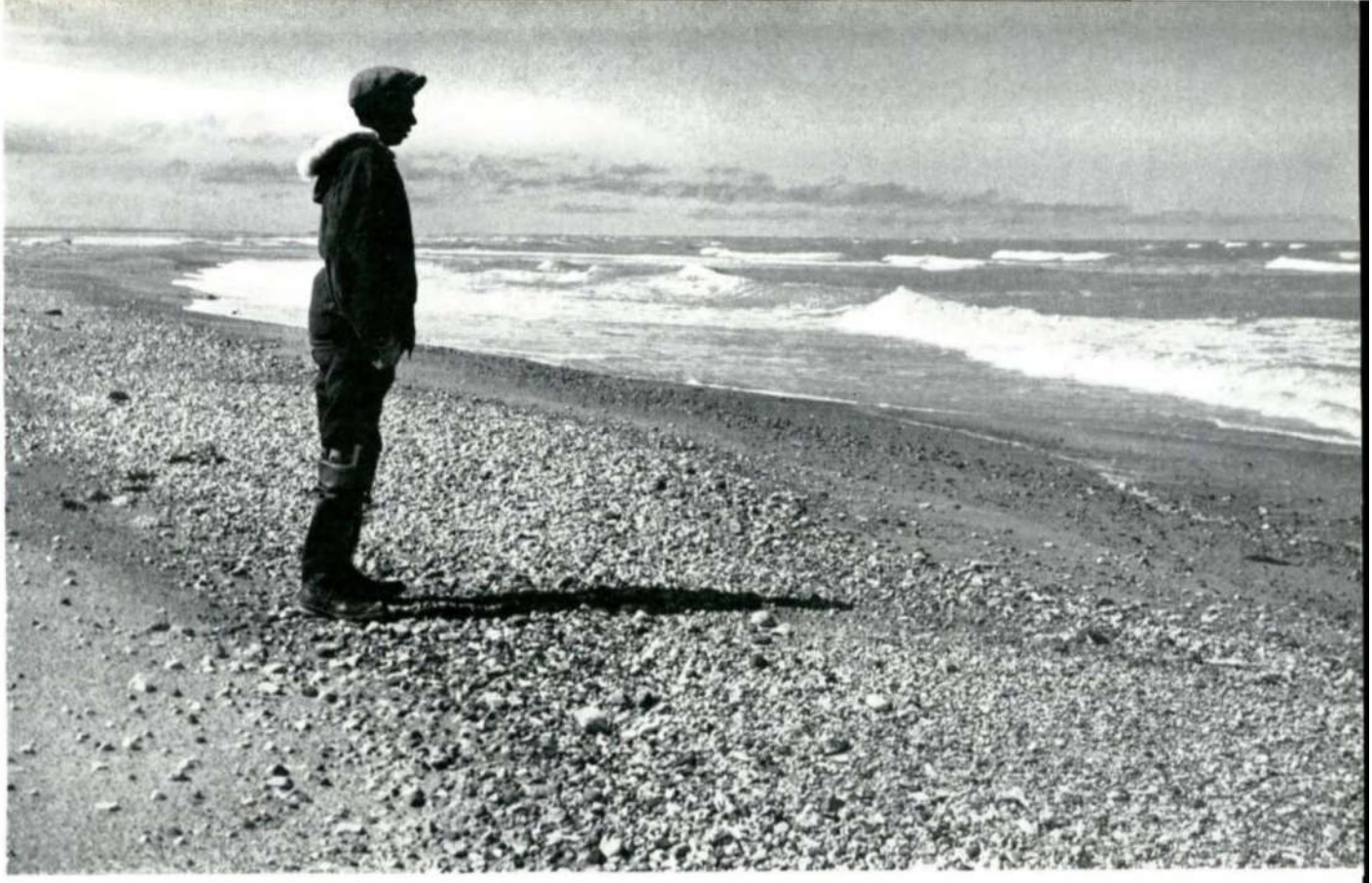
The aftermath with its profusion of naked bodies provides Hearne's Indians with an opportunity for some amateur anthropological observations on the differences between themselves and their victims. Their disgusting examinations and remarks provoke Hearne into observing with calculated humour that "however favourable the opportunity . . . had there actually been as much difference between them as there is said to be between the Hottentots and those of Europe, it would not have been in my power to have marked the distinction". Hearne's epilogue to the Indians' cruelty is less severe, but so pathetic and final as to maintain the level of the narrative of the earlier butchery. An old and almost blind Eskimo woman, oblivious to what had passed a few hundred yards away, was fishing by a waterfall then, turning to her supposed friends, "the wretches transfixed her to the ground in a few seconds, and butchered her in the most savage manner".

It is doubtful if Hearne could have achieved the degree of integration that he did without the catalytic effect of Matonabbee. So great was the communion between these two men that when La Pérouse captured Prince of Wales's Fort in 1782 and Hearne, then governor, surrendered to the French commander and was carried off a prisoner, Matonabbee quietly hanged himself. Whether this final act by an Indian still in his prime of life was through sorrow or shame, Hearne notes that "he is the only Northern Indian who, that I ever heard, put an end to his own existence". Probably no Canadian explorer depended so much upon one Indian for the success of his venture, and probably also no Indian exists in early Canadian journals with so dichotomic a nature: so split between the ideals of the Indian and the white man, and yet so dedicated to the execution of the wishes of both races. It is impossible to conceive of the success of Hearne's last expedition without the degree to which Hearne allowed himself to be physically and psychologically captured by the Indians, and more specifically by his attachment to, and affection for, Matonabbee. Hearne's journal, as a consequence, is the product of a strong sense of purpose and an inquisitive spirit, and a unique degree of integration into a voyage and into the only people who were a real part of the territory he covered.

All exploration journals are dichotomic by their intrinsic nature—at once purposeful, direct and immediate; yet moving into realms of the archetype: the quest, self-preservation, alienation, and the search for identification. Each explorer's journal, then, starts with either a scientific, geographic or commercial purpose; but, depending upon the nature of the individual, it develops to some degree towards universality, towards themes essential to the human condition. Thus, the journal reflects this spirit of altercation, between immediacy and universality, between developing its scientific or commercial form or its artistic form. The more readable journals, those which transcend their immediate and contemporary purpose—such as Hearne's—unconsciously approach the genre of the novel, and thus can be judged both in their actual and archetypal categories. ◆

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thompson quotations from *David Thompson's Narrative of his Explorations in Western America 1784-1812* edited by J. B. Tyrrell, Toronto 1916, by kind permission of The Champlain Society. Radisson quotations from *The Explorations of Pierre Esprit Radisson* edited by Arthur T. Adams, Minneapolis 1961, by kind permission of Ross & Haines Inc.



THE COAST CREES

PHOTOSTORY BY JOHN MACFIE

Senior Conservation Officer in the Ontario Department of Lands and Forests

The first customers of the Hudson's Bay Company were the Algonkian speaking tribe, called "Muskegon" by their inland cousins and "Swampy Cree" by the English, who occupied the country bordering southern Hudson Bay and James Bay. Prior to European discovery they lived by hunting and fishing, but when Englishmen landed on the bleak shores of the Bay and offered to trade for furs the Crees of the coast eagerly dealt off their beaver skin coats, then went into the forest to collect furs in earnest. Pelts of beaver, otter, marten and lynx in the thousands flowed down the rivers and across the Atlantic to adorn the heads and backs of fashionable Europeans. Ship loads of trade goods to suit the needs and fancy of the Indians moved in the opposite direction, and in a few years the Coast Cree passed from the Stone Age into the Industrial Age, as muskets and shot, axes, cloth, and kettles became his necessities, and fur hunting his profession.

Early in the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, when its course of expansion followed the coast north from the original settlements in lower James Bay, Captain Thomas Draper of the *Albemarle* was instructed in 1680 by the Governor and Committee to establish a trading post at the mouth of the Severn River in south-western Hudson Bay. His orders carried the warning that the Severn Indians were "more rude and barbarous" than those the Company men were used to dealing with in James Bay. However, New Severn, for a time called Churchill Fort, was well settled by 1685, evidently without incident, and it remains today a small Company store centring a village of twenty-five or thirty Cree families who gain their living from the forest and seacoast

Although they are trappers in winter, the coast Crees look seaward in summer, and throughout the open-water months their lives are closely tied to "Winnepik", the sea. Looking seaward literally occupies a lot of time, for they are frequently wind-bound during their travels along the coast. Temporary shelters are put up on the beach. Seals are killed in late summer and preserved for winter dogfeed, strips of sealmeat and fat being dried in the sun and wind. Beachcombing can produce useful salvage and a piece of iron pried up from an ancient wreck will be put to good use as an anvil.

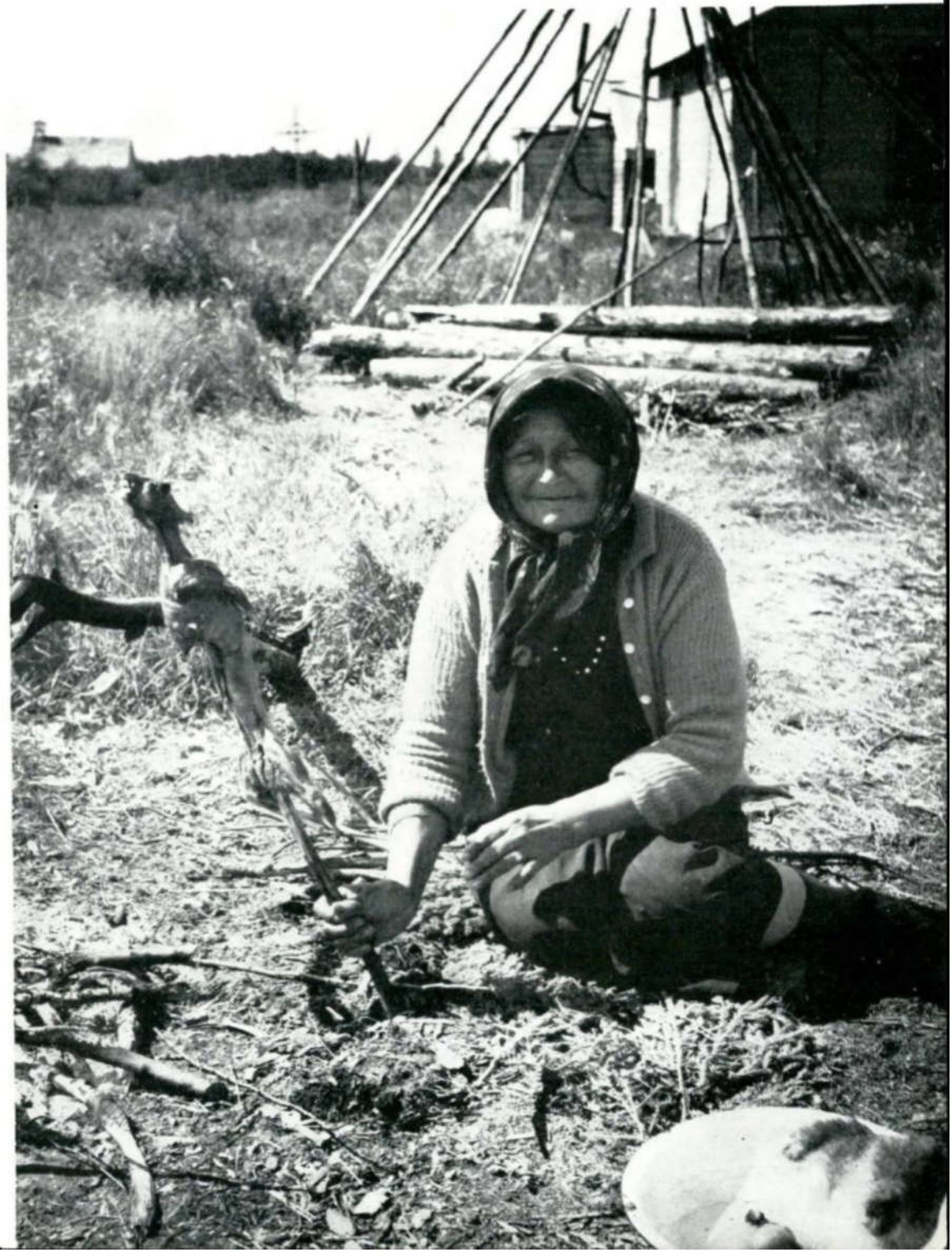
of 15,000 square miles of the most remote corner of Ontario.

Here, geography has squeezed the transition zone between boreal forest and arctic into an extremely narrow band. Female polar bears den and give birth to young in the same spruce forest that supports black bears, moose, and caribou. Ptarmigan, white foxes, and even an occasional arctic hare populate the strip of tundra bordering the Bay; ruffed grouse, snowshoe hares, and red foxes take over at the treeline. The sea provides the Indians with seals and white whales; the forest with nearly every species of fur-bearer that exists anywhere in Ontario. The coastal barrens, a nearly lifeless arctic waste in winter, teem with waterfowl in late summer and early autumn. The coast Crees, drawing their livelihood from these contrasting elements, have developed a way of life distinct from that of the main body of eastern Canada's Algonkian tribes.

The Cree village at the mouth of the Severn River may be in its declining years. A decade ago, the York Factory Crees to the west abandoned the coast in favour of inland settlements. Recently, one third of Severn's families moved one hundred miles inland to the Sachigo River, where supplies of game, fish and firewood are more reliable. This trend, in a sense represents a return to an earlier way of life, for the people who became the coast Crees were originally woodland Indians who only gradually took up residence by the sea, drawn there by the presence of the Hudson's Bay Company's settlements.

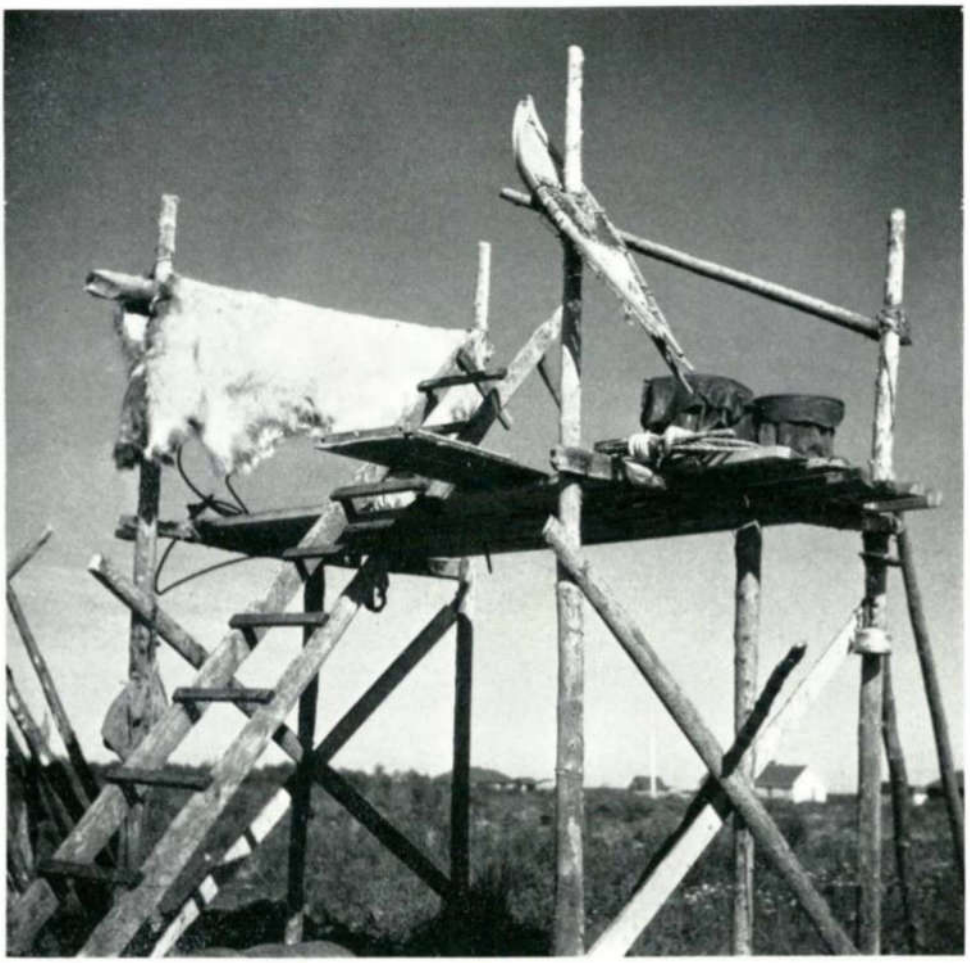
Most of these photographs were taken in the Fort Severn and Winisk area, a few near Attawapiskat on James Bay. ◆

The coast Indians eat less fish than do their cousins of the interior but nets must be made ready for the late summer whitefish run at the river mouth. Small game such as hares are an important part of the food supply and are often prepared "ponask"—cleaned, twisted on a willow stick, and roasted by turning over an open fire. The black bear provides a good stock of food and the pelt, stretched on a simple frame, is valuable.



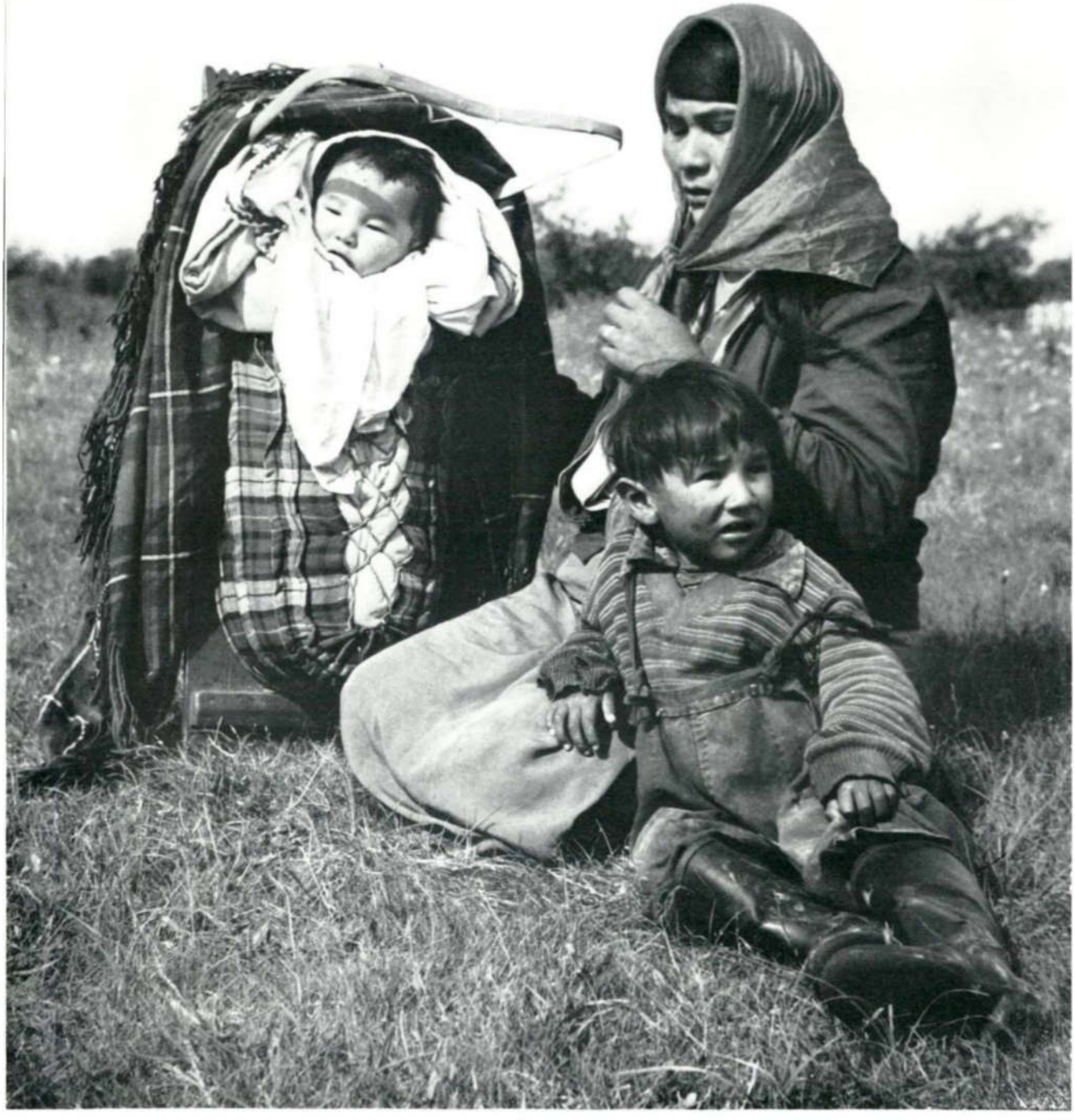
During the summer traps and toboggans are cached close to the sea shore. The dual culture, maritime and land, of these Crees is illustrated by the cache with polar bear skin, snowshoes, and rendering seal meat, and by the woman who is shaving the hair from a caribou hide with a knife. Waterfowl are more important to the coast Crees than to any other Indian group. The coming of the wavies, the great flocks of blue and snow geese that begin drifting down from arctic nesting grounds in early September, is the most eagerly awaited event of the year.

After the ducks and geese go south and a hard veneer of wind-packed snow obscures the sparse grass and short willows the coastal plain is virtually lifeless but it provides a little food in the form of ptarmigan—and snowy owls, sometimes caught in traps, for those who like them.



Muskeg, impassable in summer, becomes winter's highway and dog-sled trails across it are straight as surveyed lines. A man needs 300 square miles of muskeg trapline to support a family. Among other traps, he may set some for mink in the thick spruce on a stream margin. Families move to inland trapping camps in autumn, leaving most houses in the coastal villages vacant from October until May.

Sir Alexander Mackenzie once said that of all the nations he had seen in North America, the Cree women were the most comely.



FORT CHIMO 100 YEARS AGO

Compiled by Shirlee A. Smith, H B C librarian, from the Ungava Journal of 1867 in the Company archives, by permission of the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company.

ACTING UNDER INSTRUCTIONS from Governor George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, William Hendry made an exploratory trip overland to the South River (now the Koksoak, Northern Quebec) in 1828.

Two years later Nicol Finlayson and Erland Erlandson, travelled overland from Moose Factory to establish a fort on the South River. It was an arduous trip, and the situation was not eased when an Indian, whom they met in the interior, said that the country in which they were going to settle "did not produce so much wood as would boil a kettle; that the natives would kill and eat us; and such like".

In 1833 the establishment, known for a short time as Fort Good Hope, "consisted of seven buildings arranged in a defensive square, surrounded by a nine-foot fence, and guarded by a battery of eight swivel guns, with a flag flying overall".

John McLean, who arrived in 1837 to take charge of the post, now called Fort Chimo, described it as being "situated in lat. 59°28′, standing on the east bank of South River, about thirty miles distant from the sea, surrounded by a country that presents as complete a picture of desolation as can be imagined; moss-covered rocks without vegetation and without verdure, constitute the cheerless landscape that greets the eye in every direction".

It was from Fort Chimo that McLean made his spectacular trips overland to Esquimaux Bay (Hamilton Inlet, Labrador) and in 1839 he and Erland Erlandson were the first Europeans to see the Grand Falls, now called Churchill Falls, on the Hamilton River.

Because of transportation difficulties, the unprofitable nature of the trade, and the shortage of caribou and fish, Fort Chimo was closed in 1843.

The Fort was re-established in 1866 after the Company vessel S.S. *Labrador* came "with in view of the Late Post" of Fort Chimo on 18 September. Chief Trader Joseph MacPherson, who kept the 1867 journal, was in charge. The other staff members were Thomas Gordon, cooper; Donald Munro, slooper; Carl Borman, Thomas Flett, and Edward (Ned) Richards, Senior; John Sutherland, the apprentice, arrived the following September.

It was certainly not an age of specialization. The men, through necessity, had a wide variety of jobs to do. The women mentioned in the journal worked alongside the men. In true frontier style they trapped, fished, cooked, and cleaned skins.

Chief Trader MacPherson's characteristics were those often attributed to Canadians. He was hard working and honest but not overly imaginative. Considering that the post was newly established there were no major problems during 1867, which reflects favourably on MacPherson's ability to handle his men.

As Fort Chimo was on the edge of the tundra it was one of the few Company posts visited by both Indians and Eskimos. The Naskapi Indians lived to the southward and depended on the caribou for most of their needs. By the time the Fort was re-established the enmity which long existed between the two races had moderated.

Improved communications in the form of an annual ship helped to ensure the maturity of Fort Chimo. The Company is still doing business on the Koksoak, but it has moved to the west side of the River. The old post was closed in 1960.

Fort Chimo about 1925, showing Revillon Frères post. J. CANTLEY

ON TUESDAY 1 JANUARY 1867 at Fort Chimo the temperature was two above. If there were special festivities planned for the day they were not mentioned in the journal.

The weather remained mild but on 13 January "The storm increased during the night [making] comfortable little snowbanks in divers places within our dwelling wherever an air hole happened to be."

On Saturday, the 19th, Mr MacPherson noted "By the behaviour of our dogs this morning we perceived that there must be something unusual in the wind. I subsequently saw . . . a large herd of I suppose between four & five hundred deer advancing slowly towards me, I had two shots at them & seeing that I had wounded several I imediately went in persuit of them without looking whether any fell at my first shot. I overtook two of the wounded ones & after killing one of them I found to my vexation that my powder flask was empty & the other animal within short range of my riffle all that I [could] now do was to start him off in the direction of the house & I returned to skin the one I had killed, I then continued the chase after the other whose leg was broken & I drove him to within two miles of the house when darkness obliged me to give him up, I arrived late at night completely done up."

The following day one of the men had no difficulty in overtaking and shooting the wounded deer.

"The river frozen over at last [30 January] & well it might with the Thermometer 42° [below zero] this morning. Men hauling home fire wood & all got frost bitten."

On 24 January Ned Richards had been sent to hunt at False River. He returned home on 1 February having "only shot 5 partridges & 1 hare since he went there one of the women also got one marten."

February was extremely cold. On the 4th the cooper was "making a table, the other men cutting wood for fishery purposes," and there was about five feet of snow. Two days later the ice on the river was 14 inches thick and Mr MacPherson crossed over to the other side "being the first time that any of us from the Post has set foot on the opposite shore."

The cooper continued his work making stairs for the dwelling house and started on a chair. The men cut wood and squared logs for the rafters, laced nets and made snow shoes.On the 16th "An Esqux. with his wife & daughter arrived with a Comitic [sled] heavily loaded with venison & all their offals draged by only 2 dogs."

The shortage of food and firewood was a recurring problem as evidenced by the entry for 19 February: ". . . not a partridge to be found & we are now without any fresh food as soon as the present cold weather is over, we must again try our fortune at deer hunting & in doing so we shall probably have some distance to go as their are no sign of any in our neighbourhood. Yesterday we for the first time made use of the fire wood brought from Esquimaux Bay."

During the last week in February two cross, one red, and eight white foxes were traded "from the Esquimaux

Eskimos by their skin tent at Fort Chimo in 1896.

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who arrived last week." On the 24th "A number of Esquimaux with their families arrived & made their snowhouses near the post, they appear all hail & harty, their sleighs are loaded with venison."

In March the weather began to moderate slightly. The 18th was a "Very fine day. Today for the first time the sunny side[s] of our houses gave evident tokens that they felt the influence of old Sol."

March went out like a lion. "The storm continued unabated untill late in the evening. Borman was badly bitten by one of our dogs this morning, we shot the dog immediately, we will feel the want of this dog very much, as he was a powerful animal & full grown we have three others mere pups one of them of only 2 months."

On 1 April the men visited their four nets and eight hooks and got six carp and two trout. "Borman finds his bights not so painful as yesterday, both his hands & arms are much better—we apply Juniper bark to them."

Two days later the men "set 14 hooks at Erlandsons Lake, the ice there is over four feet thick. Borman continues to improve but is yet quite helpless."

On the 5th Mr MacPherson "went to hunting Bay, the place consider[ed] the best for partridges & I only saw four. I shot two but one of them ought not to be counted as a daring hawk pounced on one of them & bore it away for his own cheek while I was in the act of reloading my gun."

The following day the "Men hauled fire wood at Blue Berry creek, [over a mile away from the post] to the beach. I hunted for Partridges the greater part of the day & only saw one, which I shot, Ned also hunted in the evening but got nothing: and this is that Ungava that was said to abound with fish, Deer & Partridges, we have, however, not yet tried Goudies Lake which is said to be the best place for fish, that place, until we have 5 or 6 good Dogs, is too far for us [to] go to from the Post for the purpose of fishing."

By the 9th "Borman was able to cook for us today, the women being away to the Trout fishing." On the 16th "Ned accompanied by his Sister in law set off for Goudies Lake to try for fish and see if any deer are about that quarter."

Four days later "Accompanied by Munroe" MacPherson "set off for Goudies Lake where Ned was to try for fish, we met him on his way home, with 5 largish trout on his sled & telling us that he left the hooks down & 8 Trout at his camp we proceeded thither to take up the hooks (from which we got 2 Trout) & bring home the rest of the fish, Ned is quite snow blind, was obliged to follow close to the heels of his Sister in Law. If we had 5 or 6 good Dogs I think we could now get a fair supply of fish from this Lake." The cooper and other men were also affected by snow blindness in April.

The weather continued to improve in May with "much water on the River—we laid a hunt after deer today . . . saw only 4 & of which we shot two. Richards sprained his foot while runing after deer." Flocks of geese were now flying northward and on the 17th Richards and the cooper shot two. Six days later Eskimos arrived "they came up the river to within about 3 miles of the post by open water in their skin Boats & took their Dogs & sleighs. They brought up some seals fat to trade."

On the 27th "Munroe commenced the building of a Flat [scow?]" and MacPherson decreed that "Borman is from this time to be employed as cook in place of Ned Richard's women, who, from excessive want of cleanlyness & carefullness, I cannot any longer retain in that situation". The following day Ned's women were "cleaning deer skins as best they can".

The weather was warm during most of June although the temperature dropped to freezing on the 13th. On the same day "Tom Flete finished the oven . . . having put a coating of clay over the Brick." Ned Richards made paddles for the Flat and on the 9th was sent "with his family to the Coast to hunt for Eggs & ducks; nothing of the kind can be got about the neighbourhood of the post at present we cannot get fresh food of any discription". By the 12th Richards had returned with "about 1 Bush[l] of Eggs, the Esquimaux had been before him & cleared the nests".

Five days later the men returned "from up the river, we killed four deer & one goose but failed in finding any Indian Bark canoes as we expected & saw no place where any good pine barks could be procured Deer are at present plentiful on the west banks of the river".

The desolate country of the Koksoak River about fifty miles above Chimo.

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The men finished the Flat, made masts for the whale boat, and erected a store brought from Esquimaux Bay. Mosquitoes made their first appearance on the 26th.

In July Borman was freed from the kitchen when "Catherine Richards resumed the cooking department." Two deer carcasses were picked up floating in the river. "They are supposed to have been killed by being drawn to & precipited over a high Fall up the river no marks of shot or spear being found on them. The natives say that a great number are annually killed in the same manner. As the meat appeared quite good, we salted them up for dogs food."

On the 8th "Flet commenced building a powder house of Stones & clay" and three days later "Eight Nascopies (Height of Land Indians) arrived in the afternoon & shortly after them the Esquimax arrived in a skin Boat, The former came to see how they would be received here. They say that as there was nothing to be got at Fort Nascopi [established in 1838 on Lake Petitsikapau and estimated by Erlandson as being 300 miles to the south using the Koksoak-Swampy Bay River route] such as they most required that they did not go there this spring & they are still in possession of all their deer skins & spring hunt of martens the latter amounting to more than 300; seeing that the only chance for their furs & skins to be sent out of the Country will now be by the possibility of a vessel coming here this season, I considered it advisable to tell them that they might bring all here, that a portion of their hunts would be given in on account of the debts at Nascopie & the other part traded for any necessaries they may require & which we might have to spare to them. The Esquimax brought some white whale fat, the first they have killed this season."

The weather was warm and clear in July and on the 16th "The men found out a place of clay at last & brought home the scow loaded. I went down the river & saw a place where I think that we might get porpoises [belugas or white whales] in nets made & set as seal nets."

Four days later "a band of Indians arrived in 12 Canoes. . . We finished our Net this morning and imedately set off to set it & we had it not down a half hour when we had the satisfaction to see a Porpoise get into it—as the tide was favourable we tow'd the fish to the Post to the no small surprise of the Indians who were laughing at us on our set out this morning—the fish measured 16 feet and yealded nearly two Tierces of Blubber. Had we fitting material to work with I have no doubt that we would catch during the summer over 100 Porpoises which I think would not be a bad consideration."

On 1 August "The expected Boat of Esquimaux from Leaf river arrived . . . & these report that another Boat will probably be here in a short time, we got another white whale today, but there are very few whales to be seen at present altho the Esquimaux say that they will be along time about the river yet".

The following day ". . . commenced building a Salt Store twelve feet square. Traded with the Esquimaux about 50 white 3 red & 1 crossfox also about a Tierce of oil, got the Esquimaux women to cut up our fat".

August was windy and wet. The men fished. Flett filled "oil into Tierces, The cooper repairing some casks . . . lost the salmon net that was set in whale cove, probably carried away by whales. . . . The men saught a long time for the missing net, but could not find it." On the 31st it was "Blowing a Gale from the westward". MacPherson "set off in the evening, when the wind moderated, to visit the Salmon net at Munroes cove, but meeting with so many deer both on land & water, that night came on before we could get to the net—we shot three deer on

The ruins of Fort Nascopie in 1894.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

land & speared one in water by means of a knife fastened to a pole as we had no ammunition—the deer are now passing to southward we will probably kill a few during next week."

The steamship *Labrador* with Chief Factor D. A. Smith [later Lord Strathcona] aboard, and also an apprentice labourer for the post arrived on 6 September. By the 11th the cargo had been landed and the returns of oil, salmon, and furs shipped. "During his short stay Mr Smith visited many of our proposed stations for Salmon & Porpoise fisheries." For the remainder of the month, during which snow fell, "Borman, Munroe & Gordon went in the long Boat & took up the nets from the various places." Flett fitted the rafters to a new house "& took up our few Turnips & handfull of Potatoes." Six Nascopies arrived and traded some "deer skins—dry meat & a few martens, three of them also paid this the debt they owed at Ft. Nascopie".

On 1 October Munro and Flett were plastering the new house. "Gordon fitted in a Door & two windows—the two former also put up a store & got in a quantity of clay where it may now be kept from freezing while being used. Borman & Sutherland clearing out the ice seller. I shot 18 partridges today."

Although steel traps were used, two Eskimos were sent on the 13th "one to each of the hunting places, to take some venison to the men & show them how to make stone traps for foxes, they returned in the evening & report that Munroe & Gordon at high Bank cove have caught since Friday last [11 October] 14 wh foxes & Borman & Flet at sandy creek 8 white foxes—nothing has been caught on this side of the river yet." On the 29th "Two Esquimaux men & one woman arrived from leaf river, they were six days in walking across the country from that place & all that they brought collectively was only sufficient to buy 12 plugs Tobo. (say 1 lb.) about 5 lbs. shot & Ball 1 Knife 1 Jews harp brass & 2 pipes."

By 4 November "the Lake behind the House being now safe to walk upon I sent the men to extend their marten path to false river—I visited some traps below but got nothing. Two of our dogs got caught in steel trap last night one of them slightly hurt & the other I think will loose his foot & in that case will have to be shot."

Three days later MacPherson recorded that he "& Borman with three of the Dogs propose starting tomorrow morning to go to the men who are hunting on the oposite side of the river & for this purpose we will probably have to go 15 miles up the river before we can cross over & should Deer be passing as we suppose, we propose remaining a few days to hunt. No Esquimaux being on this side of the river they are not likely to visit the post now, before the river is fast & this is not likely to be the case untill January or February." (The tides were high which accounted for the river not freezing over until late in the season.) "I leave the Cooper & Sutherland in care of the place untill I return. Their time for the present will be fully occupied in attending their traps & procuring fire wood."

Because the river was still open MacPherson and Borman were not able to cross over on the ice so they were back at the post on the 11th. They made another attempt but "Shortly after setting out from our incampment this morning [28 November] we met a number of Indians from the Barren grounds who were bound to the Post for the purpose of trading, we of course had to return with them & after cashing [placing in cache] all we had with us we returned light to the post—the Indians reached the post soon after us."

The 30th was a "Stormey day, we however set off & got to our cash & campt there, the Indians also camp'd at the same place". On the following day they crossed the river which "we effected above the Rapids". MacPherson arrived at Goudies Lake on the evening of 2 December "& found Richards who . . . did not do so well as I expected in fishing & hunting having only 500 of the former & of the latter 3 X [cross] foxes 9 white & 2 martens." He arrived back at the post on the 6th "there has been no arrivals . . . since I left".

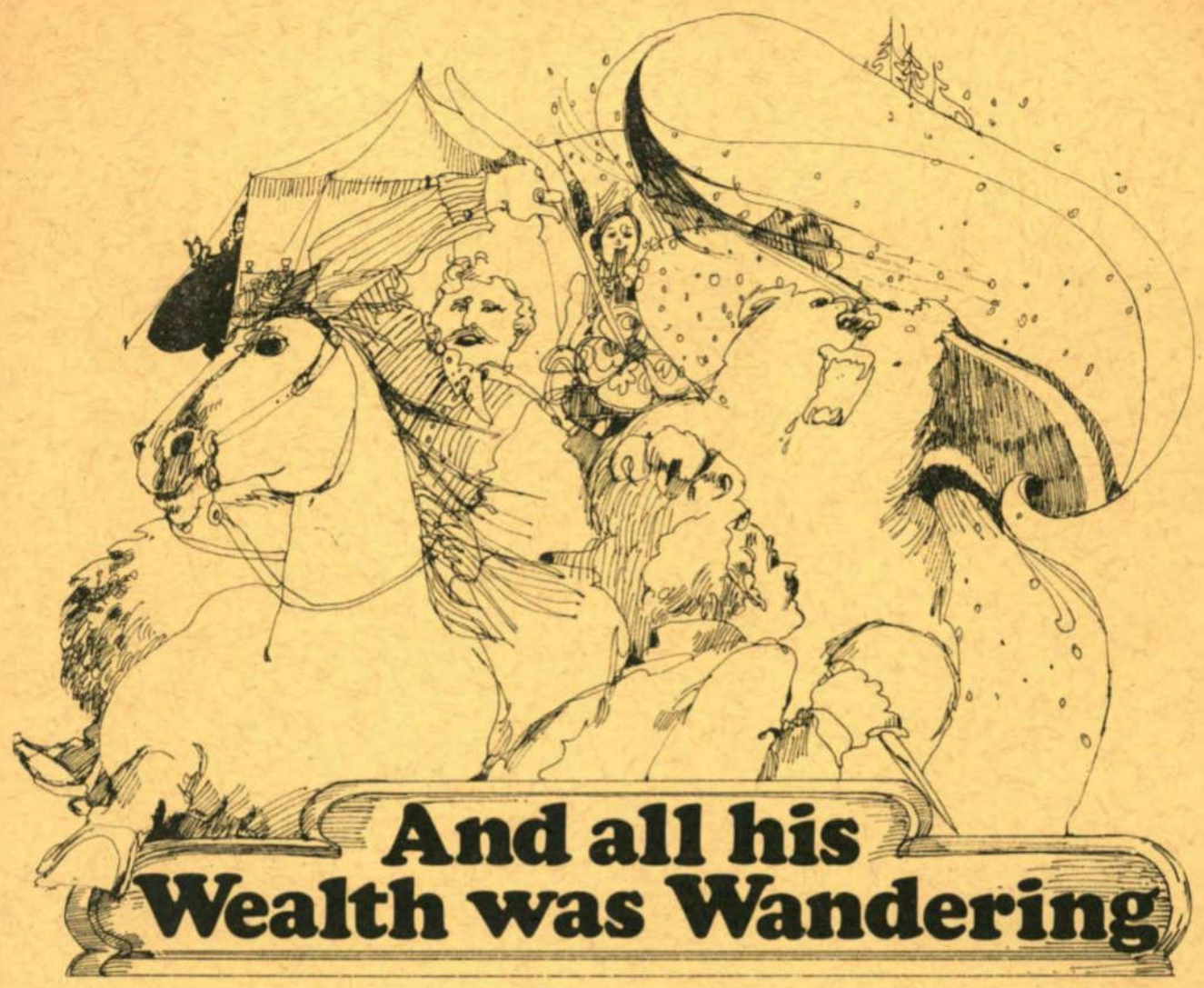
On 19 December "A number of Esquimaux arrived . . . they belong to Whale River quarter & report that they have not visited that place now three winters—they appear to have very little to trade & what they have I suspect will be principally deer skins in parchment & perhaps a few white foxes."

MacPherson's assumption was correct because the following day he traded "Deerskins in parchment, hard grease or tallow & a few white fox skins and a great quantity of sinews."

There was no special reference to Christmas day, but on the 28th some of the men were hauling firewood "& others hunting *Partridges* for our *New Year dinner*", which could scarcely be classified as unusual fare.

The entries for 30 and 31 December are indicative of the cold and isolation of Fort Chimo: "Every thing crisp & cracking with frost our very dogs are yelling with cold & water freezing alongside of our stoves filled with fire wood & the idea of three months more of such weather is not very cheering . . . last of the old year, no abatement of cold. Men hauling home fire wood & we burn it as fast as they can bring it."

It took great personal sacrifice and independence of spirit to establish and maintain a post on the Koksoak, and one can only marvel at the breed of men and women who made this possible. ◆



And all his Wealth was Wandering

BY HARRY J. BOYLE

I always intended to keep the secret of Uncle Peter to myself, but the temptation to share it has grown stronger with each passing Christmas. There was something proud and great about his first and last trip home after fifty years of being a rambler. In fact, his true story was so well kept I only learned about it by chance. In a way it adds to the importance of telling.

I remember that day so well!

The mid-November sky had bellied out all morning like a grey ticking full of feathers. By early afternoon it exploded and the soft flakes of snow tumbled down as if they were intent on smothering our valley. Walking home from school to the general store where we lived was like pushing through wet curtains. I was excited, sensing winter had come to lock up our valley for the next six to seven months.

"Well, I'm glad you're at last safe home."

That was the strange part about Mother! It was only a half mile to school and I was ten years old and couldn't get lost if I tried. But in a way I also understood. She was worried because father was teaming the mail and supplies, including the Christmas goods, from the railroad and the twelve miles of road would be filling in rapidly.

"Can we open up the Christmas stuff, ma?"

I asked it as an abstraction, drying my clothes beside the box stove. Unpacking was a real treat, looking for the new kinds of candy and sampling some of the old favourites like bullseyes, creams, lozenges printed with funny sayings or pretending you were smoking the licorice pipes and whips. My mother flared with gentle provocation.

"Shame on you. You can't be serious. Your father will be dead tired after such a trip. Besides, it's too early in the season."

To punctuate her statement she moved to the big, front window where the white enamelled letters proclaimed the virtue of a brand of tea, and cleared a space by rubbing the condensation off with a corner of her scrunched up apron. Then she tried to stare out into the snow that was like a glittering wall, reflecting the glaring white light of the gasoline lantern hanging from the ceiling over the scales on the counter.

"He won't be able to see a thing. It's dark and it's only five o'clock."

She was listening, looking almost as if she were straining from her tip toes for a sound.

"Did you hear sleigh bells?"

"No ma — oh don't worry."

She went back to fussing behind the counter, flicking her anxiety at me with a cross sounding question.

"Why were you so late?"

"I helped sweep the school."

She didn't hear me. I puttered to the kitchen for the slices of fresh bread, slathered with butter and brown sugar left for an afternoon refreshment, and eased back behind the stove. The store was wonderful on an afternoon like this, with my baby brother gurgling in the meat basket cradle on top of the clothes counter, the gas light hissing and the hardwood in the stove, spunging with muffled, little explosions.

"I do wish your father would get someone else to do the teaming for him."

I could smell the dry, wheaty dust when I whacked the flour sacks to make a comfortable dent. The store was rich in smells and aromas. Everything mingled from old cheese to dry codfish, shoe packs and harnesses, oiled floors to enamelware and the too full coal oil can inside the door with its slice of potato to keep the spout from slopping.

Winter had arrived but the store seemed like a fortress of comfort. It was my world along with the valley and the people who lived there, from the shy Indian trappers and woodcutters to the tanned, lean farmers. The Indians came in family knots to whisper amongst themselves before the delegated one paid for each purchase separately. The farmers found excuses on long, winter nights to make small purchases and then squat beside the stove and barter their small talk for other gossip.

Under the influence of a full stomach and the stove warmth I must have slipped off to sleep because a comfortable dream was shattered by what almost seemed a nightmare. A short, snow covered man was bellowing in a voice that sent my brother into a fit of screaming.

"Now is this any kind of a decent welcome for your own kith and kin who has come two thousand miles to see you. Come and kiss your uncle Pete."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mother.

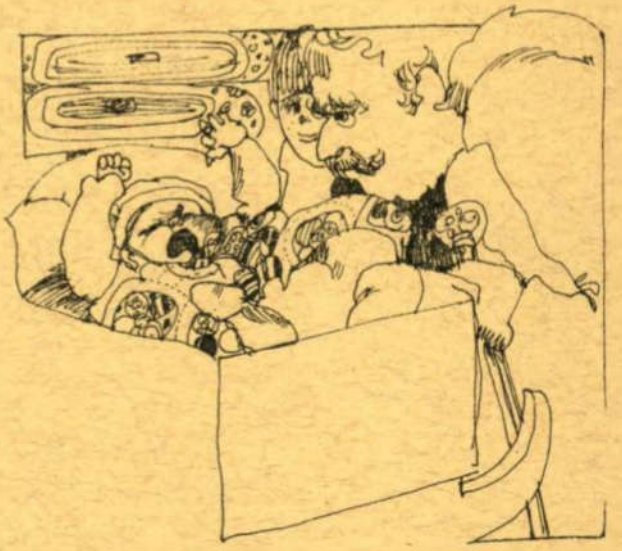
His silvered tusks of eyebrows waggled.

"Thought I was dead, didn't you? Well, I'm not. I'm your father's brother Pete. Your uncle Pete."

Mother was trying to shush the baby with one hand while the other fluttered helplessly.

"How do you do, sir?"

It sounded so ridiculous she started to laugh and soon we were all laughing. Except the baby, of course. He was more furious than ever by the time father came in from putting away the team.



"I see you've met your prodigal uncle," he said to Mother. "Well just wait until you see the stuff he has with him. That's why we're so late. The team could hardly make the river hill pulling all that luggage."

So there he was! It was the legendary Uncle Peter in the flesh, a stump of a man with broad, powerful shoulders and a voice that seemed out of all proportion to his size. This was the man who ran away from home at the age of fifteen and had scarcely been heard of again, except in vague and garbled messages from travellers.

"Seen a fellow in the West said he was related to you. Quite a man. He was a cowboy at one time and I think he's trapping now."

That was the kind of word and it was maddening. But now, his return was the beginning of an exciting time for all of us, shattering the winter-locked loneliness of the valley.

"Fifty years ago," he said flattering my mother after supper and making her blush. "It's the fiftieth anniversary of my running away. I worked that winter in the lumber camp over near Bay City in Michigan and when the spring drive was over I headed West and Billy here came home."

This was an acknowledgement to my grandfather, who sat dazed at the sight of his brother.

"Wanted me to go with him. I came home."

"Well, who knows? You settled down and brought up a nice family and I roamed."

We were bystanders as the two old men explored their memories for a few minutes and then Pete exploded again, "I've made a nice little pile and I'm going to enjoy myself. The past is behind. Going to settle down."

He turned earnestly to my mother.

"Leona, you know about these things because women are alway arranging things like that, but how are my chances for getting married? I was thinking of a pretty widow or a good-tempered old maid who would put up with a jackdaw like myself."

My mother pretended to be shocked but she wasn't. Country women are born matchmakers, and what a prize this amazing uncle would be for some lady of our valley. He had three trunks of clothes, shaved himself every day and used gingery smelling lotions. He had silver topped walking sticks, a diamond stickpin and golden cuff links. He hired Gus Redman to drive him and called on all kinds of relatives.

"If this keeps up we'll have to hire someone to help in the store," grumbled father, recognizing the fact that from early morning to closing, people coming ostensibly to buy goods, were really trying to meet the fabulous Uncle Pete.

Mother was constantly begging off invitations to visit homes where there was a widow or unmarried relative. The only one she took pity on was Milly Simpson, the piano teacher. Milly was a sad toothpick of a woman who for years had been vainly trying to give neighbourhood children the basics of a musical education. While Uncle Pete was at our place, Milly was often an invited guest.

"You're not thinking of marrying that piano teacher?" demanded my grandfather.

"A charming and cultured woman of great promise," said Pete. "She's the kind that could be a good influence on a wandering man like myself."

Everybody was agog when they heard Milly had ordered a new dress from the mail order catalogue for the Christmas concert. It didn't bother me because I lived for the evenings when Uncle Pete held court in the store. He had an arm chair within easy spitting distance of the stove damper. The older, regular visitors had boxes and bags to sit on. The younger ones lounged on the floor with their backs to the counters.

Father pretended to work behind the counter, but he listened the same as everybody else. Grandfather, usually a king pin in these nightly sessions, sat to one side, smoking and glowering a little as if caught in what must have been mingled feelings of jealousy and brotherly pride. I stayed up until father or mother sent me to bed. I solved the problem by huddling under a bearskin brought by my uncle and eavesdropping at the grate which in theory was supposed to drain heat from the store for the chilly bedrooms. It was better as a sounding box.

Each night started off with small talk.

"I see the doctor went to Hendersons'."

"Tilly had a girl."

"Another girl! That makes five. Tom mustn't have the right kind of receipt."

The laugh petered out and Uncle Pete lit his pipe with a cedar splinter.

"Birthing comes easy to Indian women, most times."

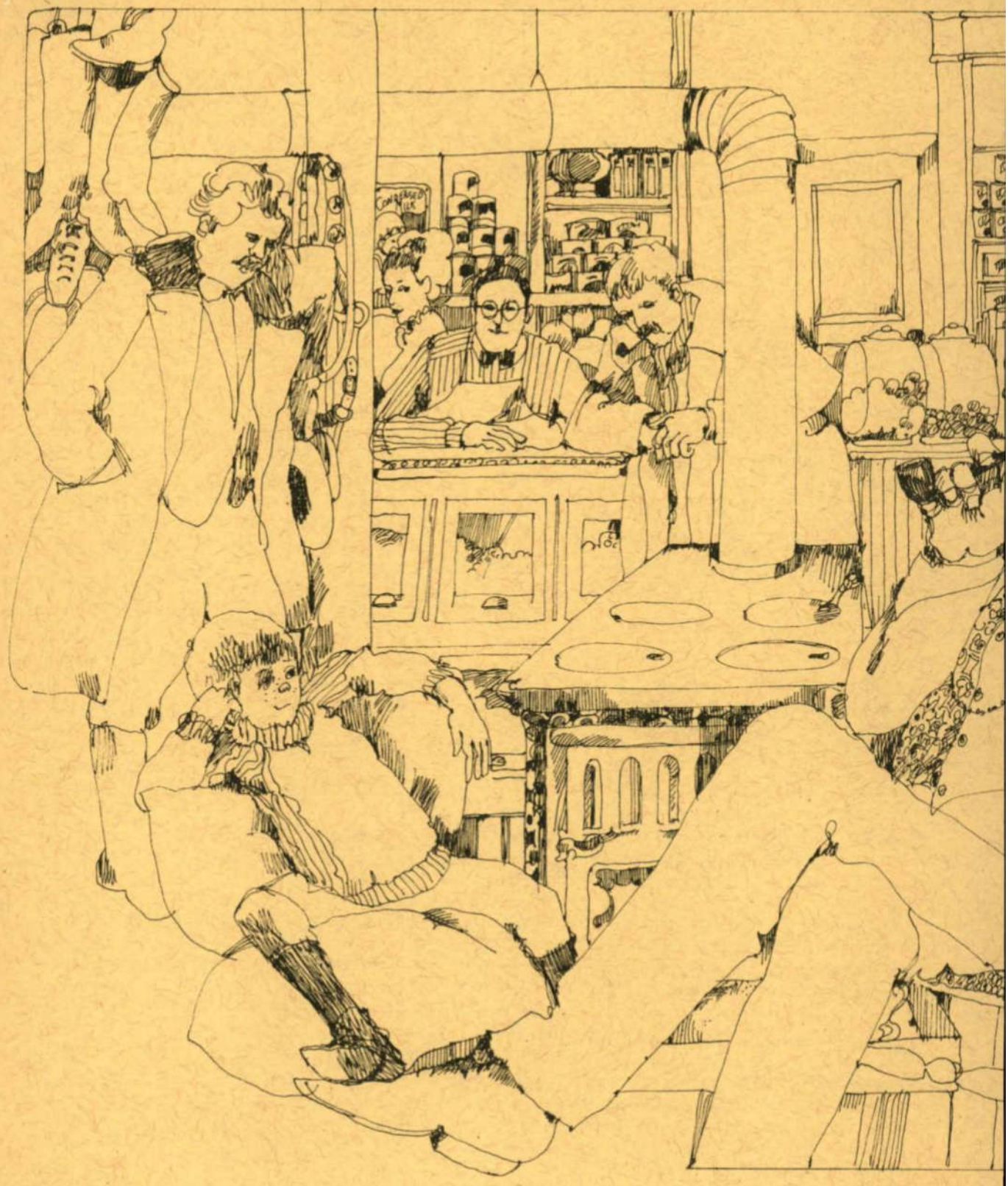
He began with a statement that galvanized the place and there was silence except for the hissing of the gas lantern.

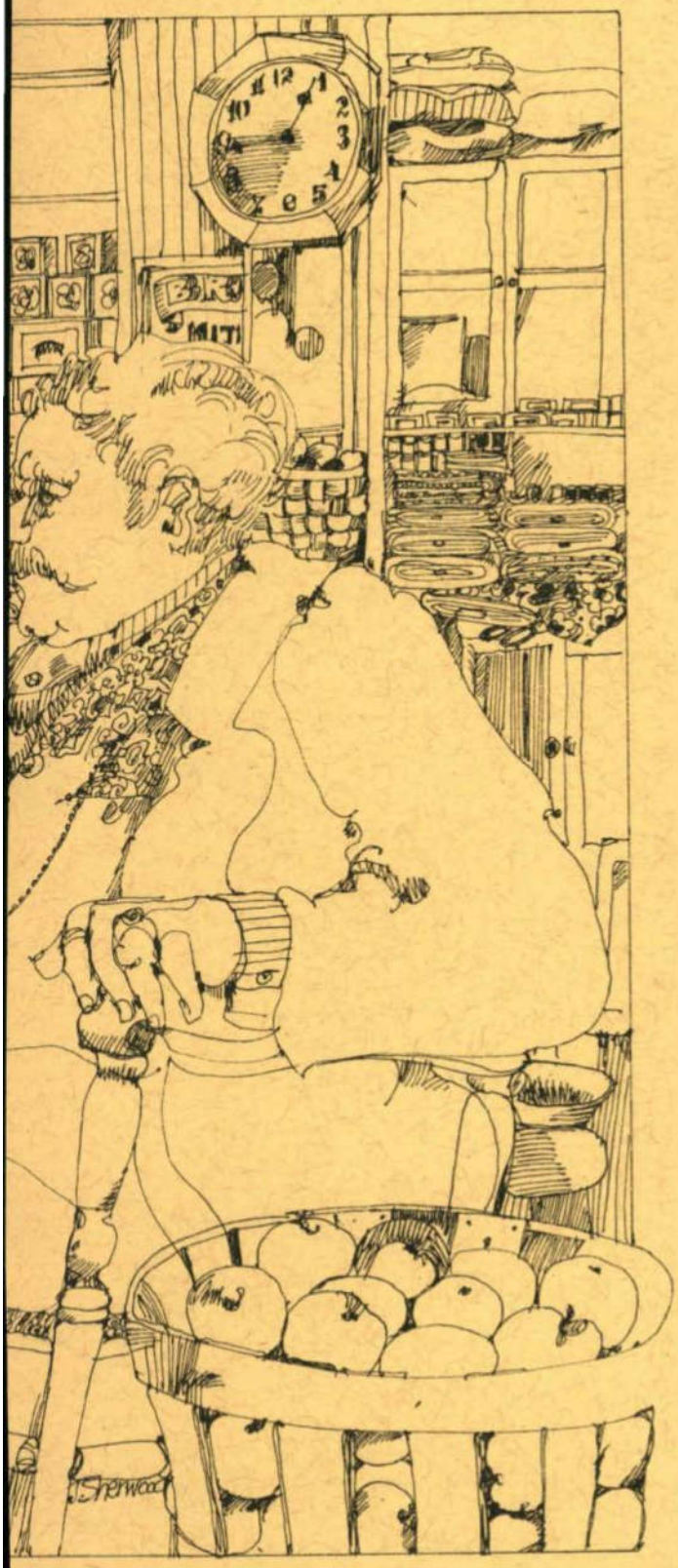
"I always got along well with Indians. Fine people, if you treat them well."

A few of the regulars with known opinions to the contrary might shuffle a bit at this, but he ignored them.

"I remember taking up a homestead in Saskatchewan. That was a hard winter and I had a bit of money from teaming to the Barr Colony . . . we ran that fall between Saskatoon and Lloydminster and I hadn't laid in too much grub. Wanted to have some money for Spring. We had a blizzard that came up sudden and you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. I had put in feed for the stock in the sod shanty. It was half house and half stable and one night there was a noise at the door. I went to investigate and there was a young Indian woman."

He made a habit of pausing at points like these to heighten the drama.





"She was in pretty bad shape."

From upstairs I could imagine him shaking his head, as I barely caught the muffled gasps of the listeners.

"She was half frozen and she was going to have a baby!"

The group exhaled.

"Well, I didn't know much about it, but I gave her some warm tea and she had her baby without too much help from me. Told me afterwards she was on her way to her parents who lived twenty miles or so south of there and got lost. Just a miracle she found my shack because the nearest neighbour, Tom Adam, was three-four mile away. The storm broke and she wrapped up that baby and wouldn't even hear of me lending her a horse and piked out."

The next pause was too much for the group and somebody asked, "Did you ever hear from her again?"

"I was just coming to that. About a week later I go out and there's a quarter of deer hanging from a nail outside the door and it went on that way all winter. Come spring a handsome big brave appeared one day with a chunk of antelope, a bag of corn which I was doggone glad to get and the nicest pair of buckskin moccasins you ever seen. Just gave it to me and said he was the father of the baby and they called the youngster 'Little Thunder'."

His laughter explained the symbolism.

He was full of stories of how the plains looked waist deep in grass and the rivers full of fish and game so plentiful a man hadn't a reason to starve. I heard about Sarcees, Crees, and Piegans, and the Blackfoot who were his favourites. He had seen gun fights in the American Great Plains and knew Bill Cody—and then something happened. It began with teasing at school and accusations he was only a story teller and although I was loyal, some seeds of doubt had been sown.

"Has Uncle Pete really done all those things?" I asked my mother one day.

"Oh well, most of them I guess," she said absentmindedly, "but you mustn't put too much stock in his stories."

It really troubled me and he must have sensed a slackening in my idolatry. One evening when he was dressing to take Milly to a box social, he called me to his room.

"Something troubling you?"

"No, not really."

He rummaged in one of the trunks and came up with a pair of well worn moccasins.

"Are those the ones?"

"Surely. Now you know I told you about killing that black bear with a knife. Well, boy, I'm going to give you the knife."

I stood almost transfixed with the stag-handled knife in my hand, and almost as if sensing remaining shreds of doubt, he peeled off his white shirt and under-shirt and turned to let me see his back. It was raked with old scars. They must have been the slashes made by the bear.

"You didn't have to show me," I said, but we both knew better, and after that I was back in the fold as a firm believer.

Christmas was a dream. Uncle Pete had presents for all of us. Grandfather beamed over a meerschaum pipe with a shiny lid, father was given a new rifle, mother had a fur cape and under the tree I had a new toboggan and the bearskin. There was sunshine that day and fluffy glittering snow and the house was warm and cheerful and smelled of roast fowl, sage dressing, cigars and rum punch.

At night, with the store closed we sat around the parlour stove with just the firelight flickering through the main windows and Uncle Pete talked about the West in a softer voice than usual. One story, I remember so well was about teaming supplies to the Barr Colony as a freighter. They came across a caravan of English people encamped with silk tents and when they were invited to eat, it was with silver and fine china on damask tablecloths and the servant poured wine.

"There they were in the middle of the prairies acting as if they were on a picnic in England," he said, "a fine woman was the leader and although she had bad luck and never started her colony, she was certainly admired. She was so respected she had a post office named after her. It was called Sisley and she became the postmistress. I think she married her butler."

Uncle Pete gave Milly Simpson a wind-up phonograph for Christmas. We weren't supposed to know about it, but my father said he couldn't keep it a secret. Of course, like Milly, we thought he was going to marry her.

"Oh no," he said on that Christmas night, "I just felt sorry for the poor soul. She's had a dream all her life about good music and she's never had a chance. Everybody should have a dream come true. Just like my dream of coming home."

I went off to try my toboggan the next day on the Big Hill. It was a glorious, shiny day with powdery snow. When I got home, Uncle Pete was gone. For the first time in my life I knew truly what heartbreaking loneliness could be like. We had one card from Uncle Pete posted in Calgary and never heard from him again.

The toboggan was long gone, but I kept the old bearskin. Somehow the whole story came back one day as the plane slid high over the prairies. It prompted me to ask my seat companion, a western journalist, if he knew of any place in Saskatchewan called Sisley.

"Sisley — Sisley?"

He said it as if searching for a memory.

"Yes. I do. I've never been there. I don't know whether it still exists or not but there was an old man in our town when I was growing up in Alberta used to talk about it. He had met this lady when she was travelling across the prairies with silk tents . . ."

"And they dined from silver and fine china on damask tablecloths."

"Good heavens, yes! Did you know Peter?"

Something prevented me from telling the whole story. "In a way. I was always curious to know what happened to him."

My friend shook his head.

"Strange man. Good to us kids and had all kinds of stories about the early days. No one knows why he came there but he did after wandering all over. Great hunter and trapper. My father ran the newspaper and said he was as good a character as Twelve Foot Davis or Kootenay Brown but Peter never wanted his stories printed."

He seemed to be remembering and when he roused himself he said "Oh, you asked what happened to him. That was strange."

The fuss about fastening seat belts interrupted us.

"One day he went East. Said he wanted to make one trip before he died. Went back to see his folks. He hadn't been home for fifty years. We thought he might stay in the east but he was back by New Year's."

As we were leaving the plane for Calgary, he seemed to remember more details.

"I guess he knew or had a feeling about it and he got in his trip before he died in the spring. My father was quite moved. He was a great one for quotations. Something like Leonard Brockington in finding the right one. He had one for Pete's obituary. Let me see if I remember."

We were in the airport before he turned to say, "I know. It went, 'Adventure was his coronal, and all his wealth was wandering'."

"It should have been on his tombstone," I said, repeating, "and all his wealth was wandering."

"Tombstone! He didn't have a nickel! The only thing Pete had was an amazing collection of fine clothes."

He shook his head at the memory.

"Times were too bad to even get any money for the clothes. You know, Pete must have spent all his money on that one trip. They sure must have thought back East that he was a great success."

"Well," I asked almost reverently, "Wasn't he really a success? Not many men realize their dreams."

He had to go then, but lingering said, "I think you're right. I wish I had time to ask you about Peter. I have a feeling I could learn a lot from you."

I liked him, but I was glad he had an appointment. ◆

Kutchin winter lodges, from Richardson's book, drawn by A. H. Murray.

Anne and Alexander Murray

BY NAN SHIPLEY

VISITORS WERE RARE in the Athabasca country but an entry in the journal of Chief Trader Colin Campbell's post, Fort Chipewyan, for 26 January 1842 read: "... after Dusk arrived Mr. Evans the Wesleyan Missionary accompanied by his Interpreter Thos. Hassel—his Man Servant and Young Blondin Pepin & Sylvester from Ft. Vermillion. . . ."

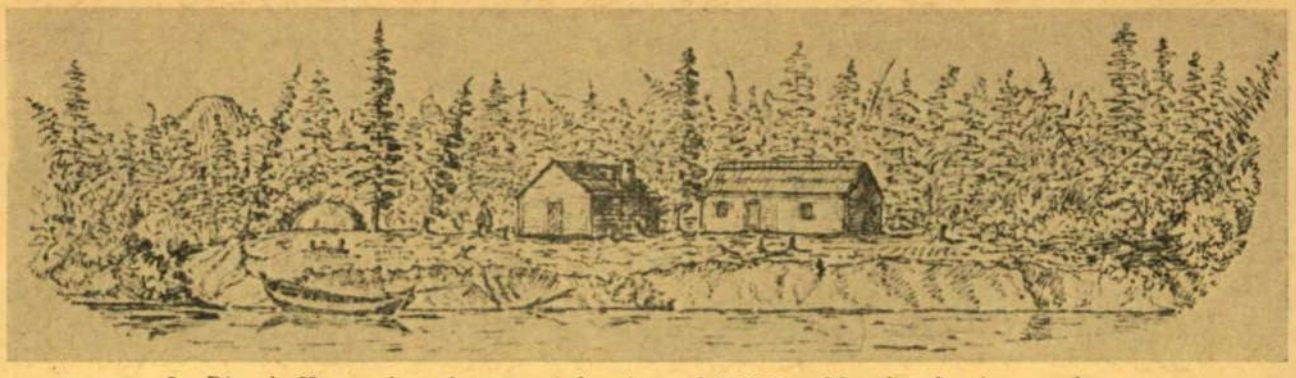
It was more than four months since the travellers had set out from Norway House. The last part of the journey had been hard going for the men travelling on snowshoes, with dogteams pulling two sleds, for they had been beset by gales, snowstorms, and near starvation.

Arrangements had been made in 1840 between the Wesleyan Missionary Society and the Hudson's Bay Company in London for the establishment of three missionaries in Rupert's Land. The Reverend James Evans, a tall handsome man of thirty-nine, with some fifteen years experience teaching and preaching among the Indians about the Great Lakes, was named Superintendent of Northern Missions, with his station at Norway House. He arrived there in July 1840. It was felt that the presence of the mission might check the flow of Indians south to Red River Settlement.

Six months after he reached Norway House Evans, an excellent linguist, endeared himself to the Indians, and won the admiration of the Company men, with his invention of the Cree syllabics, a simple phonetic system by which the Indian could read and write his own language for the first time. Little wonder that the Indians referred to Evans as "he who makes the birchbark talk."

The arrival at Fort Chipewyan of such a personage was a welcome event to Colin Campbell and his wife who had a family of nine girls and three boys. Their education was a matter of great concern to the parents for there was no school west of Red River, some two thousand miles away by river route, the country's only highway. Thirteen year old Anne was the most pressing problem. It was time she received more training than her father and mother could supply. If Evans were able to found a mission school in the Athabasca district it would be of im-

Mrs Shipley is the author of numerous books and articles with a western historical background.



La Pierre's House where Anne spent the winter of 1847-8 and her first daughter was born.

mense benefit both to the Company men and the Indians.

This could not be achieved without the approval of Governor Simpson, and in the meantime Colin Campbell asked Evans to take Anne to Norway House where she could attend the mission school and meet with girls of her own age. Naturally she would require a chaperon, as the missionary's party was entirely male. Travelling with Evans was his right-hand man guide and interpreter the young widower, Thomas Hassell. A Chipewyan, Hassell had at the age of twelve visited Fort Churchill with his father and been placed in the care of the Reverend David Jones to be educated in a boy's school at Red River. Thomas Hassell was a very intelligent Indian, and now carried a letter from Ben Sinclair of Norway House, to his niece Betsy Sinclair, a visitor at Fort Chipewyan. One of the first converts to Christianity, Ben Sinclair recommended Betsy's marriage to Hassell.

Sunday, 6 February was a happy and eventful day at the Fort when three of the Campbell children were Christened. The following Sunday more children and women were baptised and Thomas Hassell and Betsy were married by James Evans. The presence of a married woman with the travelling party made it possible for young Anne Campbell to accompany them back to Norway House.

She was very happy living with Mary and James Evans and their sixteen-year-old daughter Clarissa, while she attended the mission school. But Anne was not to enjoy this pleasure long. The following summer Governor Simpson wrote to Evans refusing the missionary permission to set up missions in the Athabasca district and criticizing Evans for taking Miss Campbell into his household, for "... I am afraid, that, considering the invaluable advantages of placing daughters under your own eye, you will either excite jealousies among parents or weaken the rule against permanent visitors, which, for many reasons, we are obliged generally to enforce."

With the mail from the Northwest came a letter from Colin Campbell saying, "I have been advised of the wisdom of moving Anne from Norway House and sending her down to school at Red River when Jessie Ross makes the journey for the same purpose this Fall."

Anne remained at Miss Davis's School near Lockport until 1846 when she was seventeen. That spring when the Company boats started out in June for the Northwest carrying supplies and personnel, Anne took her place in one of the large York boats. This brigade was under the supervision of Murdoch McPherson, an old friend of her father who was in charge of the Mackenzie River District. With McPherson travelled twenty-seven year old Alexander Hunter Murray en route to the Northwest. Alex had a great flair for sketching and writing, and although his father in Scotland was associated wth a large publishing firm, young Alex had preferred the adventurous life in America and spent several years with the American Fur Company. He was on a visit to Fort Garry when Governor Simpson hired him as a clerk the year before he was sent to the Northwest.

Alex and Anne fell in love on this boat trip when Alex spent most of his time teaching Anne to sketch the beautiful country through which the brigade moved. They were married by Chief Trader Murdoch McPherson in the manner of the country, where there was neither priest nor preacher. Their honeymoon was down to the Mackenzie River delta and up the Peel River to Fort McPherson. Here they spent the winter.

In the spring of 1847 Alex took Anne over the mountains to remote La Pierre's House (an outpost some 70 miles to the west) where one woman of Indian blood and three men were stationed. Then Alex returned to Fort

Camping on the Yukon. Both drawings formed part of A. H. Murray's Journal of the Yukon.

McPherson to make preparations for his hazardous journey to the Yukon River. On the way to the Yukon he reached La Pierre's House on June 14th and spent three days with Anne. She was expecting their first child and Alex would not risk taking her on the long hard journey that lay ahead for him.

A sturdy river boat named the *Pioneer* had been built at La Pierre's House, and on the first lap of the adventure, down the Bell (then called Rat) and Porcupine Rivers, Murray and his men travelled in comparative comfort. But the route grew more rugged. Peel River had been explored by Chief Trader John Bell and Fort McPherson built on its bank in 1840. During the next four years he had explored the Porcupine River to its mouth where it flowed into a great river the Indians said was called the Yukon, or Youcon as it was usually spelled in journals and letters of that time. It was at this junction of the rivers that Murray was to establish a post and begin trade with the Indians of the area.

The tired party reached the Yukon River on 25 June 1847. Next day at the point on the east side of the river where he meant to build the Hudson's Bay fort, Murray raised the Company flag. But when he wrote to Murdoch McPherson Alex admitted "We will undoubtedly be trespassing on Russian territory but how far remains to be seen. I have orders to establish a fort on the Yukon which shall be done as peacefully as possible." This was twenty years before the sale of Alaska by Russia to the United States.

Alex remained here almost a year then with many rich fur packs, started for La Pierre's House on 5 June 1848. Nearly three weeks later Alex embraced Anne and their infant daughter Helen, and they vowed that there would be no more lengthy separations. Although not yet completed Fort Yukon would be their home regardless of its isolation and lack of female companionship for Anne. She may indeed have been the first British wife in Alaska.

The journey from La Pierre's House to Fort Yukon was hard and unusually long. To cover the roughly 350 miles required anywhere from five to eight days and the mosquitoes were an ordeal for Anne. Alex and the men could smear their hands and faces with grease and tobacco, and smoke constantly to discourage the pests. For Anne there was only the meagre protection of heavy gauze veils and in mid summer these were hot and suffocating.

The Indians about Fort Yukon were of the Kutchin tribe of Loucheux. They were friendly, entirely pagan and primitive. They built little huts of bark or deerskins and killed geese, moose and caribou with bow and arrows and spears. They also had some guns, traded from the Russians. They would not pass the grave of a relative without making a gift of tobacco or food. Alex wrote once that he had come upon one of his native boatmen crying and discovered that he lacked the necessary offering. Alex Murray made the Indian a gift of tobacco—sufficient for the ceremony at the grave and for his own use.

In common with many Company men Murray kept a journal or record of his daily life. His notebooks were particularly important for he included many sketches. He also compiled a vocabulary of the Kutchin dialect for a famous visitor to the Mackenzie River, Sir John Richardson. This paper gave a long list of native and English words for many birds, trade goods, customs, and animals—all sorts of miscellaneous items of interest to the explorer. Doctor Rae and John Richardson were part of the expedition searching the Arctic for the lost explorer, Sir John Franklin, and a lasting friendship developed between Murray and the two doctors.

His translations and sketches for Richardson were a labour of love and done under trying conditions. The year after he set up Fort Yukon he wrote to Chief Factor McPherson, who had asked for drawings of the country, "I am altogether unprovided with either drawing paper or pencils, . . . a few steel pens now going on their *third*

Kutchin woman and children, from Richardson's book, in which Murray shows the seat made of bark in which children are carried.

year, and filed down to *stumps* are all my store, and must answer for every purpose, and to 'do up' a landscape with them is beyond my humble powers; therefore, you must be content with the few rough sketches . . ." He wrote of these problems to his brother James in Scotland who was a gifted artist. His brother would understand, for Alex had informed him that James would not be allowed to visit York Factory without permission from Governor Simpson. Yet he urged James to appeal—"to influential friends of the Company for permission to come and sketch forts in the country for the Hudson's Bay Company. The H B C is very strict and economically governed." Alex went on to state that he could not have his own personal notes published unless Governor Simpson approved.

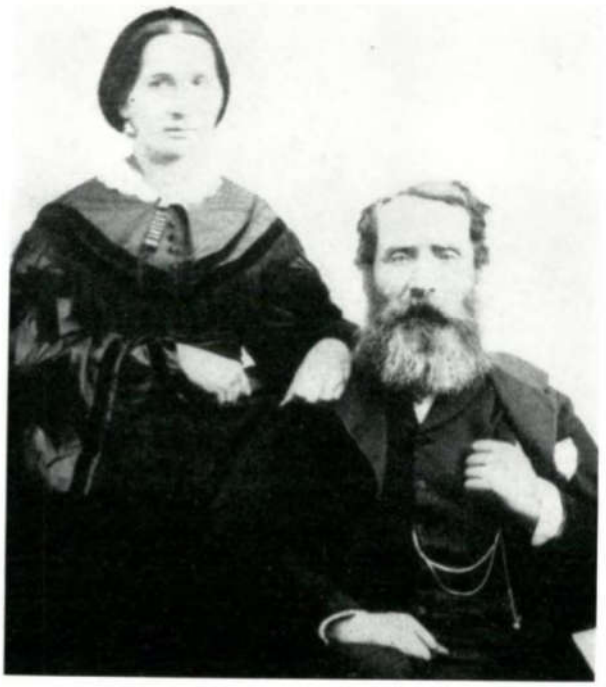
Anne's letters to her mother-in-law in Scotland were most respectful. "May 30, 1849 River Youcon, North America. My Dear Madam: We are far far from old friends and have no society but ourselves. The fort will soon be completed." (She did not mention that the river flooded to the very door and that a boat was kept tied to the house in case of emergency.) "We have a good house. I have now another daughter, Elizabeth. Our little Helen now speaks well. My husband is preparing for a summer trip and will be away about a month. He will bring some cows back in a boat."

Four days after leaving home Alex wrote to his mother. "La Pierre House. West side of the Rocky Mts. Arctic Region. I left Yucon and arrived this a.m. Suffered the pain of parting with my loved wife and weans . . ."

Anne's only female companions was her Indian servant, a faithful Kutchin woman who nursed her own son until he was almost ten years of age. Two or three years was the normal period.

By the summer of 1851 Anne's third daughter, Margaret, was a year old and Alex felt the time was due for a promotion or at least a transfer to a more southerly post where his family would be closer to civilization. He was in a poor state of health, suffered from the cold, and Dr Rae thought a change of location was necessary for his recovery. Many changes were taking place. James Evans was now dead. Ann's father Colin Campbell was retired and living in the Red River Settlement. Repeatedly Murray asked Governor Simpson for a new posting. The Murrays moved to Fort Simpson for the winter of 1851-2 and near the end of February their fourth daughter, Anne Flora, was born there. In June Murray's move was approved and the family left the Yukon as soon as possible, without being informed of the exact location of their new home.

From Portage la Loche, Alex Murray wrote to his mother: "July 25 1852. My Dear Mother—Enroute to



Anne and Alexander Hunter Murray. MANITOBA ARCHIVES

Norway House. I received this spring a letter from the Governor saying I have permission to leave the lonely Mackenzie River district. I do not know my new appointment yet. Expect to meet the Athabasca boats in a few days then will know where I am to winter." He mentioned his longing to visit Scotland and see his parents and kept the letter open in the hope of having something definite to report when the brigade reached Norway House. From here he would travel either to York Factory in Hudson Bay or down to Fort Garry on the Red River depending upon his new posting. His footnote read—"Norway House. Arrived today—letter from Colville (official of the Company) informing me that I am appointed *for this season* to Pembina station on the American frontier south of the Red River Settlement."

Anne and Alex remained only one night at Norway House then set off with the Red River brigade for the Settlement. Here Anne and her little girls would stay for a short time with her parents. She needed the rest after a nineteen-day trip in an open York boat on stormy Lake Winnipeg.

Alex wrote to his father in December describing Pembina (where he actually remained till 1855) and their residence two miles from the United States customs-house and trading post. The little sisters "Helen and Elizabeth are beginning to read and since there is no school Anne is their teacher."

When writing to his brother, Alex explained that he had been sent to Pembina to oppose United States trading all along the frontier and there was strong competi-

tion between them for trade but both sides were very friendly in private and there was much visiting back and forth. He made light of the fact that he was placed as far south as he could stand on British territory in the west after spending five years in the opposite direction.

"Our new Governor Mr Colville has gone Home and Simpson will again visit his country and preside at the meetings of council at Red River, and I am determined if possible to see and talk with the old Turk as I am by no means pleased with my present appointment . . . Have you seen Dr. Richardson's latest book? [*Arctic Searching Expedition*] You will find a few of my drawings and my name frequently mentioned in the book. I have been told that Sir George Simpson is not pleased with this although it can do him no harm. He is jealous of anyone under him giving the slightest information concerning the H B C territory without his consent . . ."

The "old Turk" must have listened to Alex Murray for the following June he left his family at Red River while he proceeded to fill the appointment of Superintendent of Fur Stores at York Factory. While Murray felt that this was a fine gesture of faith on the part of the Governor for the position carried considerable responsibility, Murray was sufficiently astute to recognize its handicaps. It was his duty to examine the furs enroute to England passing through York Factory, and to report on their condition "and I find I am obliged to censure my superior officers who have it in their power to prevent my election to chief-tradership!" he confided in his brother.

When Alexander Murray at last attained the coveted title, in 1856, he was serving at Fort Alexander on the Winnipeg River. At this post Anne knew the pleasure of her husband's promotion, but she also suffered the grief of the death here of her first son, James Colin, who was only three years old. After a furlough, Chief Trader Murray was stationed at Fort Ellice and Fort Pelly before he took charge of Lower Fort Garry in 1862. By this time the Murrays had a family of five daughters and two sons.

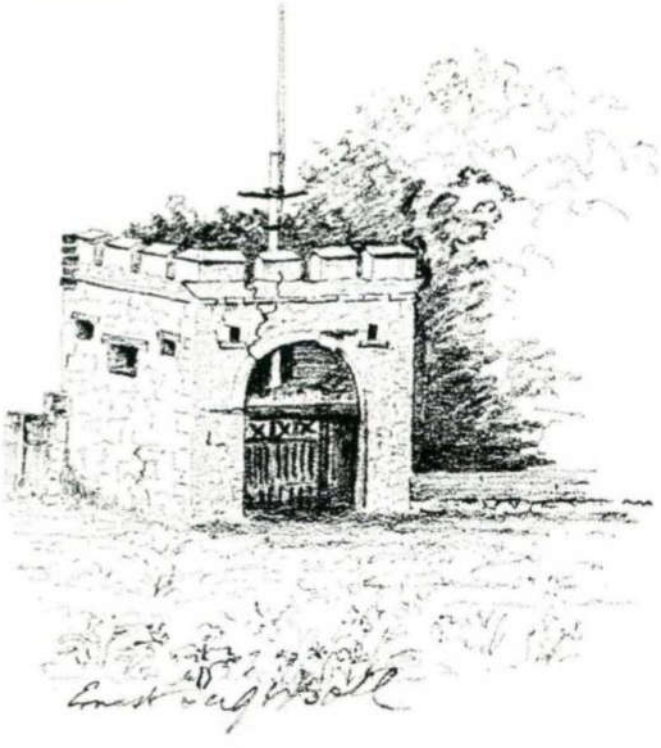
Murray retired from the Company service in 1865. He settled with his family about a mile below Lower Fort Garry on the bank of the Red River where Anne was the mistress of a fine house called "Bellevue."

Alex was quite disturbed by Louis Riel's capture of Fort Garry in the Red River Settlement in November 1869, although he never doubted the outcome of such a rash act, and that winter composed "The Marching Song—For we'll take the fort this morning." In 1870 when Wolseley and his troops reached Fort Garry, Murray rewrote "The Marching Song" and titled the new version "Riel's Retreat."

Four years later, in April 1874, still in his fifties, Alexander Murray died and was buried in the cemetery alongside the Red River at the fur traders settlement called Little Britain. What could be accepted as a fitting memorial to an outstanding personality stands today in Winnipeg. At one time when he was in Fort Garry, the old fort was being enlarged and it was then he sketched on the back of an envelope a design for an ornamental stone archway. Today this gate is all that remains of historic Fort Garry.

Anne outlived her husband by thirty-three years. Besides her household duties, she occupied herself doing beautiful beadwork. She was always an active woman and it is said she would go on her snowshoes to Lower Fort Garry when she was well over seventy. She died in her seventy-ninth year in November 1907 and was buried in the same peaceful little graveyard as her husband. Anne too has her lasting, if seldom noticed tribute, in the first volume of Lewis H. Morgan's classic work *Ancient Societies*. The American historian was often a guest in the Murray home at Pembina and he wrote that Anne Campbell Murray "greatly assisted me in my work on the kinship system of the Crees of the Prairies." •

Fort Garry gate sketched by Ernest Ingersoll in 1885.



The mink came to the water's edge to inspect me, more curious than alarmed.

A MINK OBSERVED

BY MARK A. FISHER

IT WAS THE LAST WEEK in October and an eighth of an inch of ice had formed on the beaver pond overnight. When I slipped my aluminum canoe into the pond on a bright and sunny morning the crash sounded like a catastrophe in a glass factory. A hundred feet off shore was a large beaver house and alongside it the feed pile—a tangled mass of branches dragged there and half submerged by the beaver for a winter food supply. A handsome mink lived there too and I had spent the past few days watching and attempting to photograph its daily activity. I was camped nearby on the Basswood River which forms part of the boundary between the adjoining wilderness areas of Quetico Provincial Park, Ontario and the Superior National Forest, Minnesota.

This morning there was no sign of the animal as I pushed out to the house, made my canoe secure and unloaded myself and my paraphernalia onto a tarp spread out on the muddy side of the beaver house. A half hour or so later the mink appeared swimming from shore and climbed up into the food pile. It watched me for a few seconds as it usually did when it first discovered me. I sat still but made no attempt to hide and soon the mink turned away and began fishing. First it slithered through the labyrinth of branches seeking a suitable perch, finally choosing a large branch at pond level with a patch of open water adjoining. It crouched there staring into the water for some time although there seemed little chance of seeing anything in the dark and murky pond. Quickly,

The mink would usually crouch here on its fishing perch for a minute or more, looking down into the water, before diving for fish.

Dripping wet and eyes closed it brings a fish back to the feed pile. This was one of several pictures taken in quick succession all of which showed the animal with closed eyes which indicated this was not just a blink.

but quietly and with little splash, it slipped into the water and submerged for half a minute or so. A line of bubbles rising through the tangle marked its trail until it emerged a few yards away. Sometimes it climbed back into the branches with a small silvery fish hardly bigger than a minnow crosswise in its mouth but more often it was without a catch. In the latter case it would shake doglike two or three times to dry its fur and try again, sometimes seeking a new spot, sometimes returning to the same starting place.

Its luck ran in streaks. Two or three times in a row it would come forth with a fish and then there would be a longer series of unsuccessful tries. When it had a fish the mink would, by accident or design, carry it to part of the brush pile farthest from where I was sitting and there eat it. I was never able to see the fish actually consumed but the crackling and crunching that accompanied the eating was easily heard. Afterwards the animal performed a curious ritual, one that I observed several times. It moved to a certain large branch (always the same one) that lay level on the water and stretched out full length in such a way that its muzzle was against a small crotch. Then the mink rubbed its face vigorously into the V formed by the crotch, biting at the smaller side of the V as it did so. Watching through the telescopic lens of my camera I was able to see this quite clearly although none of the pictures I took showed it satisfactorily. The performance took but a few seconds after which the mink returned to its fishing.

Several times during the morning the mink interrupted its fishing to swim to a small grass hummock some ten or

The wounded mink on the day after its battle.

Below, the mink licks at its injured shoulder. Although the wound did not seem to cause the animal much concern I did not see it catch any fish after being hurt though it had been frequently successful before that.

fifteen yards away. It stayed but a short time and then swam back. While the mink was on about the third such trip I saw another mink also in the water and also swimming towards the same bit of grass. Two days before, watching from the shore, I had seen a second mink swim out to the beaver house where the first was already busy. For a few minutes both mink were out of sight and then I heard a loud squeal and saw one mink (the newcomer, I think) dash up one side of the house and down the other, hotly pursued. The chase went from beaver house, to pond, to shore where both animals disappeared in succession in the dry grass. Now it seemed the newcomer was making a second visit. The two mink were in the water on opposite sides of the hummock swimming on what seemed like a collision course. They must have seen each other at the same time for the interloper made a turn about and headed for shore and the other mink appeared from behind the grass, once again in pursuit. Mink are not graceful animals in the water, at least not when compared with beaver and otter. They swim with body and head held high, seeming to dog paddle along with all four paws. There was something faintly

comic in this intent but almost slow motion chase and the same air of comedy was repeated when they both reached land.

Away from the water's edge the banks of the pond were quite bare with but a few trees and patches of dead grass and ferns for cover. I was thus able to watch the ensuing chase for some distance. The first mink bounded up the slope, ran a short way and then was hidden by a fold in the ground. The second mink climbed from the water, ran the identical course and in turn disappeared. Now the first reappeared a little farther on and the whole business was repeated rather like a chase sequence in an old western movie. The animals seemed evenly matched in speed and when the first mink reached the dam and slid over one corner I was sure the pursuit would end. I was wrong. The pursuing mink appeared at precisely the same spot, followed over the dam and was gone too.

The pond was then very quiet for some time and my attention wandered. I did not see the returning mink until it was swimming for the beaver house again. It climbed into the brush, studied me as usual and went back to fishing. It was not until it turned its right side in my direction that I realized that the chase had been no joke. An inch and a half of the animal's right shoulder was slashed open and red flesh was visible through the gash in the deep, shining fur. The mink fished for some time, stopping often to lick its wound, but I did not again see it catch a fish.

The day held one more incident, however. Between its fishing attempts the mink now returned to the beaver house, moving around the base to the far side and coming back a few minutes later. On one of these trips it made a move so quick that it seemed a spasmodic jerk and then, in the wink of an eye, was gone. At the same time there began the continuous squeaking wail of something in distress and I thought for a second that the mink was being attacked. Half rising and craning forward I saw the tail and rear quarters of the mink protruding from a hole in the beaver house. The mink was quite motionless and I realized that the cries came not from it but from its victim. The day before I had seen a tiny grey shrew darting among the sticks of the beaver house hunting, perhaps, the spiders that infested the place. Had it now in turn been hunted? The cries died away and the mink backed from the hole with its jaws empty and bearing no sign of a kill. It resumed its fishing but only for a short time. It made its usual trip to the far side of the house and did not return although I waited for several more hours.

I returned next morning and watched from the house for the whole of a warm autumn day. Twice the mink appeared, to fish briefly and without success, and then return to the house. Its wound looked much as it had the day before and the mink stopped often to lick at it. It seemed to pay even less attention to my presence than it had before and now not even the click of my camera's shutter would make it turn its head. I thought that it moved through the branches more slowly than it had before being injured but that might be but human imagination.

Was such a wound serious or could it indeed be fatal in an animal that needed all of its resources in a ceaseless hunt for food? Had the other mink survived the battle and if so would it return to the pond? There were many questions I would have liked answered but my time, and my luck with the weather, had run out. The next morning I packed up and paddled back to Basswood Lake where I had left a square-stern canoe and outboard motor and travelled home in a wet, driving snow. ◆

Usually the mink kept a wary eye on the photographer at first but by the final day of picture taking it was necessary to whistle softly to get it to turn its head.

THREE PORTRAITS

Notes by Dr Roy Strong, Director of the National Portrait Gallery in London, who organized the National Gallery Exhibition.

On view in Ottawa this Centennial year is a panoramic historical exhibition entitled "A Pageant of Canada" for which nearly three hundred items have been assembled. The three portraits reproduced here have been chosen because of the close association of the three subjects with the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company and because the portrayals are unfamiliar ones.

Covering two complete floors of the National Gallery of Canada the Exhibition (which will be open until 6 January 1968) represents an unrepeatable gathering of treasures connected with Canada's past from discovery to confederation. Collections that have lent works to the Exhibition include that of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, who has graciously consented to the loan of thirteen items from the Royal Collection; the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquess of Salisbury, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Durham, the Earl of Elgin, the Marquis de Montcalm, the Palace of Versailles, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, Cleveland Museum of Art, the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the National Portrait Gallery. The Exhibition has been conceived as one of spectacle and surprise ranging from the heraldic splendours of the gallery of portraits of rulers of Canada to the silver encrusted and velvet Victorian Pavilion.

CHARLES II

On the execution of Charles I in 1649, Charles succeeded his father but it was not until the Restoration in 1660 that he came to the throne in England. In 1668 he showed his interest in an exploratory project of a group of courtiers and financiers by lending them a small vessel of the Royal Navy, with her captain, to sail to the Bay of the North. Two years later he granted to his cousin Prince Rupert the charter of the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson Bay.

The portrait by Philippe de Champaigne is dated 1653 at the bottom of the pillar to the left. Charles was in exile in Paris from 1651-4 and at the time of this painting would be a young man of twenty-three. A second version of the portrait, with slight variants, belongs to the Duke of Grafton, a descendant. The portrait hung in the palace of Saint-Germain, where it was wrongly called James II, and was sold in Paris in 1903, finally reaching the Cleveland Museum.

Charles II by Philippe de Champaigne (1602-74)

Cleveland Museum of Art, Ohio
(Elisabeth Severance Prentiss Fund)

By Jacques d'Agar (1640-1715(?)) *The Royal Borough of New Windsor, England.*

PRINCE RUPERT

Rupert was the third son of James I's daughter, Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, the legendary Winter Queen. Brought up in exile, he and his brother, sought their fortune in 1636 at the court of their uncle, Charles I. During the Civil War he led the Royalist forces to victory in several early battles before leaving England. At the Restoration he returned and remained in high favour with his cousin Charles II, serving him as an admiral in command of the fleet engaged in the Dutch wars. He was one of the group that sponsored the voyage to Hudson Bay in 1668 and as first Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company he received the charter of incorporation in 1670. He remained Governor of the Company until his death in 1682.

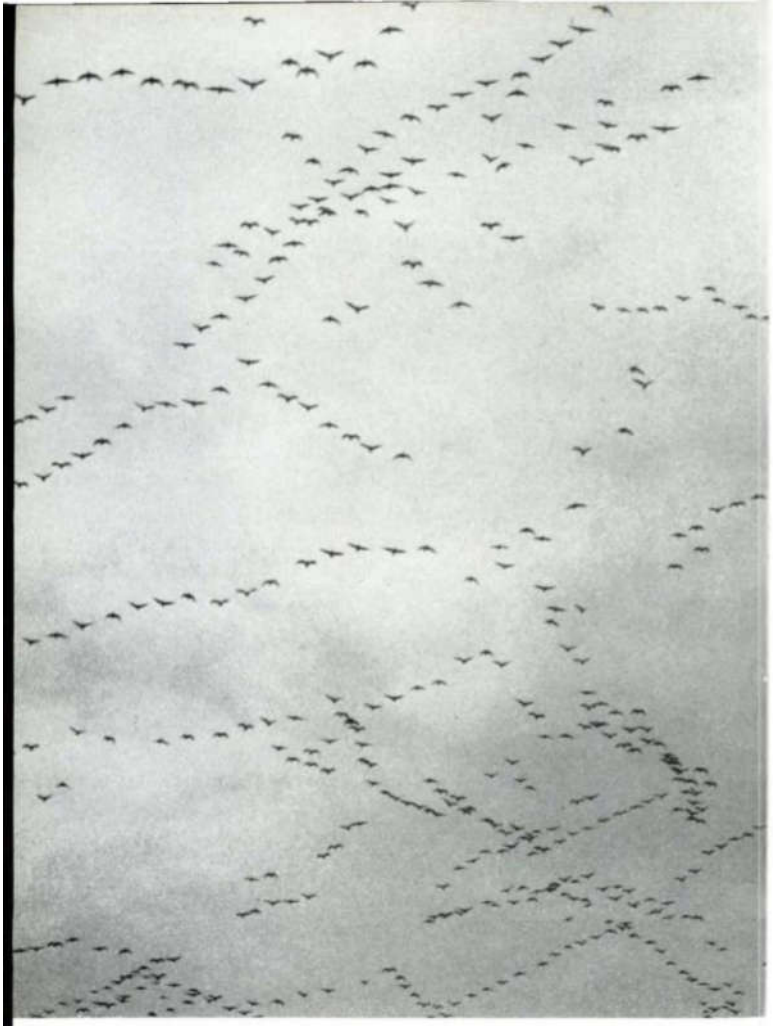
The portrait by Jacques d'Agar is a rare, signed (very obscurely) example of the work of this French Protestant refugee who arrived in England before April 1678. The painting, which was presumably given to or commissioned by the Borough, is an excellent instance of the *a l'antique* French style of fashionable portraiture favoured by the Restoration Court.

By Francois de Troy (1645-1730) *Sir Richard Barrett-Lennard, Bt.*

JAMES II

Two years after the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, James, Duke of York, brother of Charles II, was presented with one share, valued at £300, and "entred in the Companyes bookes as an Adventurer." After the death of Prince Rupert, the Committee unanimously elected the second man in the kingdom to be Governor, subsequently inviting His Royal Highness to accept this appointment and extend his patronage to the Company. This he agreed to and the Duke was the Company's second Governor from 1683 to 1685 when on the death of Charles II he came to the throne as King James II. His attempted restoration of Roman Catholicism led to the revolution of 1688 and he fled to France where he maintained a court at Saint-Germain and where he died in 1701.

The portrait by François de Troy was painted, probably between 1690 and 1700, in France where the exile King held court. It is likely that it was executed for his niece, Anne Palmer, Countess of Sussex, daughter of Charles II and the Duchess of Cleveland. Owing to religious differences Anne had left her husband to join the court of James II in France.



THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

BY JAMES A. WATTON
Bishop of Moosonee

TURKEY FARMERS are a clever breed . . . and I don't refer to the difficult art of raising turkeys. Just about now, along with the verbal battering we will receive about buying cosmetics, and bicycles, toasters and guns, suitcases and colour television, will come the cry "Have you bought your Christmas turkey yet?" There lies the cleverness . . . we must almost apologize if we only have a chicken; and certainly would be considered anti-social if we contemplated steak!

Yet it was not ever thus—just a few short decades ago (I hate to say within the realm of my memory) the Christmas bird was the goose. If you will pardon the expression, it's a gone goose now. Even if your taste should run to goose, it will take all the courage of a Stephen Leacock depositor to ask your butcher for one. Out of the incredulous expression that will make you wish you'd brought your bird book along will come the denial that such a bird exists within the confines of either the shop or the community.

Well, I like goose—and this Christmas will have goose—not that rolly kind that is reduced by a slightly higher temperature than body heat to a partridge drowning in a sea of oil—but real goose—Canada goose.

It came about this way.

Ever since I came into this unbelievable country I have had one great and burning desire—not primarily the saving of souls—I've always figured God could do a better job—not the building of churches—the only burn you get from that is heart; but to take my place with those intrepid souls whose spirits each fall soar to meet the cry of the wild goose and whose food lockers all winter long beckon with toothsome promise.

I wanted to go goose hunting—not the packaged deals that pick you up and set you down by air—that serve you a highball to the tune of sizzling steak—that swamp buggies you to a blind and back to a fireplace scene of warmth.

I wanted to go goose hunting for real—pitting my strength against the elements—using my cunning against those wily birds of the mud flats.

I wiped half of James Bay off my glasses—nobody had suggested it would be this rough—what on earth am I doing nine miles from shore in James Bay in an open canoe!

I peered back over the wet wall of tarpaulin that encased our potential hunting home. Andy seemed to be actually enjoying it, looking like some sou'westered captain of old. The hump in front of him moved—John was still with me. Harold stuck his elbow in my ribs and I crawled back under our bow tarp seeing in the fur rim of his parka the picture of a drowned rat. So we sat with a kind of wet thrilled joyful fear as we made our two hour run down the coast. Then an even keel, and we emerged from our brown chrysalis to see this new world of evenness. We had turned and were running into a protected bay, the shore was still more than a mile off. With equilibrium restored so also was conversation and with a demoniac grin our captain remarked, "I'm tired of sitting here in the wet, I think I'll get out and walk". With an appreciative nod we agreed to the impossible suggestion—and Andy jumped out of the canoe—into two feet of water! Such is the west coast of James Bay.

We set up camp that afternoon on a gravel shingle about 400 yards from the willows. "I think we'll be alright here, the water at high tide will surround us but if we don't get a north wind it won't come over us".

Now to the hunt—a half mile down the mud flat shoreline—two small willow blinds beside a series of small pot holes. It isn't quite the place for prayer but that is the bodily attitude in the blind. "Keep down" is a refrain soon learned. Now the strong robust call of invitation then the gurgling contented prattle of the dinner table and we come up out of our swamp hole like the resurrection of the Dodo—and almost shoot Andy. He is testing his calling voice and his success almost seals his doom.

We settle down—in spirit—and in mud—and then they come—flight after flight, the evening air is compressed with thousands of grey and white wings. "Only those with white heads—the others are juveniles." Happy faith! to hit a bird, any bird, would be nothing short of miraculous. "Down! flight of five coming in. "Where?" "Behind you!" You pivot in your morass. "Flight of seven" . . . "Where?" "Behind you!" Like a post-hole digger you anchor yourself into the landscape. Three more flights and they will only have to plant the lily—"Requiescat in pace".

There is a lull and you volunteer to collect the birds. You step out into a twilight now grown still. One hundred—two hundred feet away you collect the birds and start back. "Down," and you make like a large lump of mud. The all clear is sounded. You retrieve your birds . . . two steps homeward. "Down," and mother earth embraces you once more. Forty-five minutes and eleven falls later you swim into the blessed protection of the blind. Security is a willow blind on the mud flats of James Bay! Nineteen geese and eighteen ducks is the count of our initiation as we start for the bar—gravel bar, that is.

"I can carry some ducks." Eight? . . . more than that. Twelve? . . . sure. Why did he give me all the ones that were filled with lead?

The soft whisper of rain on canvas wasted its lulling efforts that night. Millions of grinning geese flew by in the V for victory sign across the horizon of our dreams, and their honks were all in English—"Behind you".

The next day was blue bird weather but enough ducks and geese mistook their genus to keep our shoulders sore. Only once did their tactics change—one silly goose decided a frontal attack offered the best course. Right up there above me hanging high . . . slowly now, follow him, lead him, squeeze. At 98 degrees beyond the horizontal it takes a very little thing to topple an episcopas from his cathedra. The recoil from a 12-gauge gun is perfect. The sky is so wonderfully blue, the dome of the heavens stretch out and down in a perfect parabola.

"O ye Stars of Heaven, bless ye the Lord."

One sometimes snores lying flat on one's back—so up, up and away.

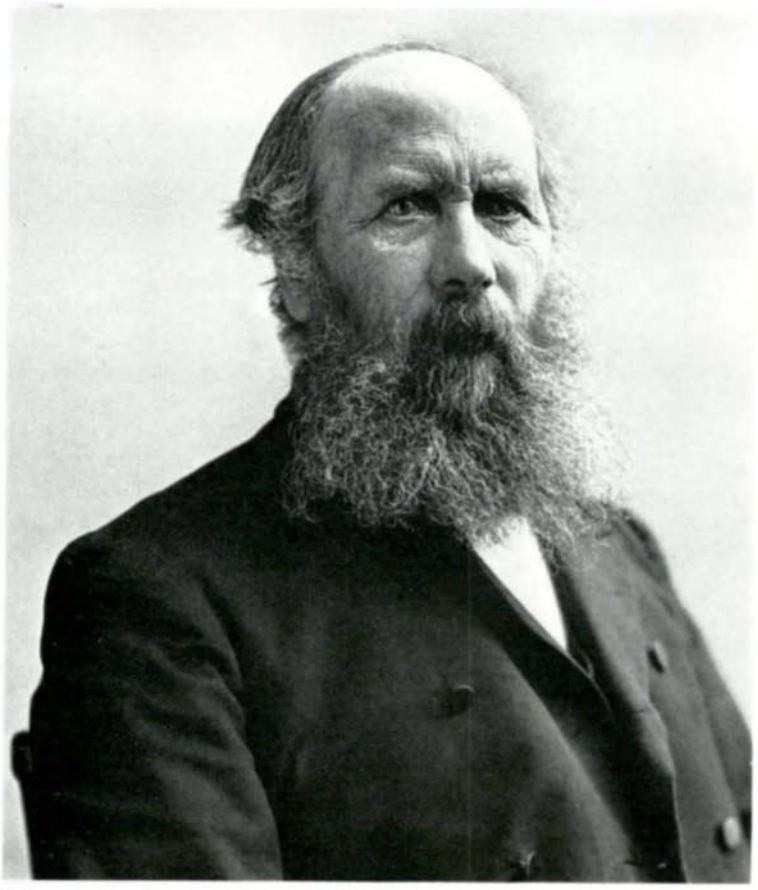
The wind swung to the north that evening and high tide would be at three a.m. We packed in anticipation and went to bed. Noah stayed in the ark that night and floated in to the tent door while his charges, in grounded faith, slept like babes. Our Mount Ararat stayed six inches above inundation.

The next morning we filled our quota and stood ready to run with the tide. The wind had done nothing to still the waters, 40 geese times seven lb.—40 ducks times three—400 lb. "We will try to get out beyond the breakers" . . . and we did. The bounding main is more than a phrase in a song—it's James Bay in a wind in a canoe. The mouth of the Moose River is where the current gives up its fight and flattens into a shapeless swamp. What a pouring of poetic ecstasy could have spilled from our lips as our living craft settled into its muddied waters.

Instead, Harold spoke. "I was thinking out there on the Bay . . . there is Andrew and James and John in this boat . . . and Harold, I'm the only one without an apostle's name". My relief was flooded by his, which was greater. For three hours he had visions of the three namesake apostles striding towards home with never a glance at the one exposed finger of a Harold—an innocent victim of a misguided god-father.

So our goose hangs high and in the tradition of the Bay we will celebrate the Birthday with memory and thankfulness and wonder and faith that God has given such power unto men. ◆

Boiling a kettle on the mud-flats of James Bay, and Bishop Watton with Andrew Faries and the result of their hunt.



The first Dominion Archivist, Dr Douglas Brymner, in 1892, the year he received an honorary doctorate from Queen's University.

ALL PHOTOS, UNLESS CREDITED, COURTESY PUBLIC ARCHIVES OF CANADA

BY MARION G. ROGERS

HOUSE OF HISTORY

CANADA'S GHOSTS have moved west—not in a dismantled castle, but from their old archives building on Sussex Drive in Ottawa to the elegant new Public Archives and National Library building on Wellington Street. This resting place is but a few blocks from the first home of the Canadian Archives, established in 1872.

Writers, it seems, were in large part responsible for the beginning of a Canadian archives. It was late in the 1860s that Henry Miles of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec interested the Hon. Joseph Howe and the Hon. A. T. Galt in their idea that Canadian archives should be collected.

By 1870 Mr Miles had a petition signed by fifty leading authors and scholars of Montreal and Quebec for presentation to the Parliament of the Dominion. It stated in part that "authors and literary enquirers are placed in a very disadvantageous position in this country, in comparison with persons of the same class in Great Britain, France and the United States, in consequence of being practically debarred from facilities of access to the public records, documents and official papers in manuscripts illustrative of the history and progress of society in Canada, and praying that steps be taken by the Government to collect, preserve and index Canadian Archives." They also asked Parliament to "Create a depository for Historical Archives, where they could be collected, arranged and rendered easy of consultation to the scholars."

The request of those early writers was fulfilled. Nowadays staff is available to students to suggest and produce documents for study and to offer help where needed. Typewriters and tape recorders are permitted for note taking and there are numerous microfilm machines. In the new building a number of individual rooms with windows are provided for long-term research. Furnished with shelves, table, desk, chair, and electric outlets, all the material in use—the books, manuscripts, typewriter or tape-recorder—can be left until the research project is

completed. When the room and material are assigned, a key is provided so that work may be left undisturbed in safety.

In 1872 a sum of $4,000 was voted by Parliament; Douglas Brymner, a well known journalist was appointed head of the Archives Branch on June 20th, given vague instructions about his new part time job, and the Public Archives was on its way. Since the Minister of Agriculture was also Minister of Arts and Statistics, the Archives came under Agriculture. It seems this minister fell heir to any new department if the Government did not know what else to do with it.

Starting in the West Block on Parliament Hill, Mr Brymner in his new position wrote of "not a single document of any description being in the *Room* set apart for the custody of The Archives." Searches were begun for documents. Trips were made to Toronto; Montreal; Quebec City; Halifax; Saint John and Fredericton, New Brunswick. He speaks at length of the poor conditions in which he often found valuable documents—held or stored in cellars and damp places.

Early searches were frustrating. Often told that items were in the hands of private persons, on reaching the person it was to find the papers had been transferred from one to another, all trace apparently being lost.

Brymner was soon appointed Dominion Archivist and extended his energetic search for records to acquire or to have copied. In his 1873 report he mentions "I received instructions to proceed to London and make a preliminary examination of the documents in possession of the various Government Departments".

It was while in London he found that Canadian military correspondence going back nearly 100 years was packed in Halifax ready to be shipped to England. Through his efforts the War Office arranged its transfer to Ottawa instead—the first important contribution to the Archives collection. He tells that "these papers number upward of 200,000 documents," and that "without clerical assistance" he classified, arranged and prepared them for binding in 1,087 volumes.

While in London the new Archivist searched documents in possession of various government departments, records of the Hudson's Bay Company, papers in the British Museum, and any other place where such documents might be found. He listed everything of historical importance to Canada or that he thought would throw light on the public affairs or social history of the various provinces. On the advice of the secretary of the Hudson's Bay Company he procured a copy of the Blue Book containing the report of the Parliamentary Committee of 1857 enquiring into the Company, and studied it with a view to obtaining other documents relating to the early history of the North West Territories.

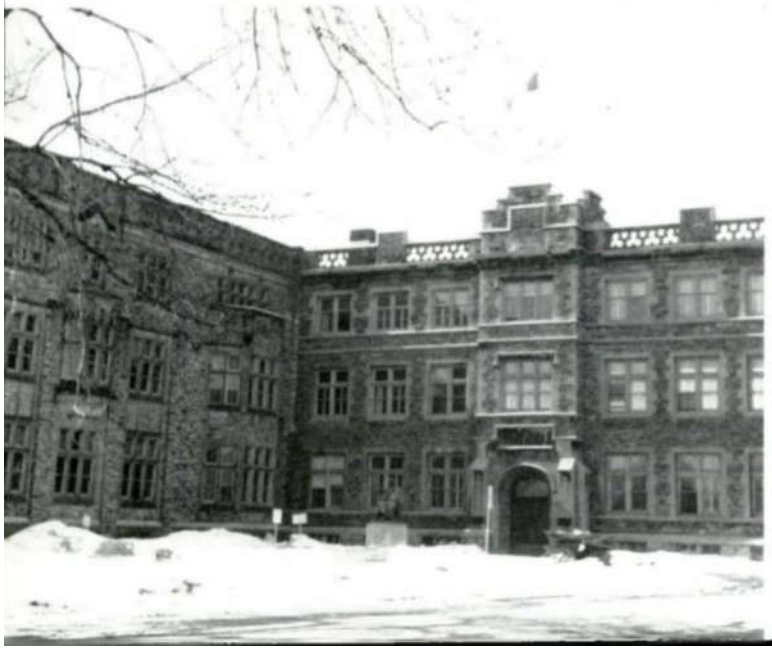
The search was not a simple one for, as Mr Brymner reported: "The whole of the North American Settlements under British rule were, at the time which preceded the North American revolution, so closely connected in various ways, that amongst documents which, according

The West Block of the Parliament Buildings, one hundred years ago, first home of the Archives.

to their titles referred, for instance, to what are now the Southern States of the American Union, there are to be found facts and details of the history of some one or other of the Provinces now forming the Dominion of Canada".

So the searches went on and the Archives collection grew. Searches were also made at the State Department in France, and an assistant was left in Paris to continue research as related to Canada.

By 1883 the *Room* had become *The Rooms*—three fireproof ones in the basement of the West Block. The Archives was to continue as a branch of the Department of Agriculture for many years. Not until 1912, when by an Act of Parliament the Archives Branch was finally made a separate department did it become The Public Archives of Canada. By the same Act, the Dominion Archivist would in future be appointed by the Governor-General in Council and given the rank of a deputy minister. He would report to the minister designated by the Cabinet, who is at this time the Secretary of State.



The Archives Building on Sussex Drive as it appeared when first built in 1906 and, below, in 1967 with the wing added in 1925 and statue of Dr Arthur Doughty.

MARION G. ROGERS

The inadequacy of space for archives became a problem, but not until a fire in the West Block in 1897 forced their removal were new quarters obtained. Water caused damage to bindings and catalogues, but there was no loss of documents. The Archives Branch was then transferred to the Langevin Building on Wellington Street, into "very small rooms".

All through the Archives history lack of space continued to be an overshadowing problem. The same problem in recent years finally brought about the desertion of the building on Sussex Drive.

A year or two before the fire in the West Block, Dr Brymner, on instruction, sent a memorandum to Prime Minister Bowell urging the necessity of a new building exclusively for the Archives. That building, a fireproof one on Sussex Drive, was not completed until 1906.

While still squeezed into the early rooms, Douglas Brymner was called on to speak to the American Historical Association about his work. Concluding a review of the work done at the Canadian Archives from 1872, he spoke of his vision of the role it would play:

"My ambition aims at the establishment of a great storehouse of the history of the Colony and Colonists in their political, ecclesiastical, industrial, domestic, in a word, in every aspect of their lives as communities . . . It may be a dream, but it is a noble dream. It has often spurred me to renewed effort when the daily drudgery—for it is drudgery—was telling on mind and body. It might be accomplished, and Ottawa might become on this continent the mecca to which history investigators would turn their eyes and direct their steps. But who is sufficient for the task?" The Archives annual budget by then was $6,000.

By 1889 the collection was attracting much attention and a great deal of praise. The *Atlantic Monthly* described it as "unrivalled on the continent for materials in Western History".

Dr Brymner died in 1902 after a long illness. His successor, Arthur Doughty, was appointed in 1904. Speaking of Douglas Brymner and the foundation he had built from nothing, he is quoted as saying: "Students of Canadian History owe a debt of gratitude to Dr Brymner who, in the face of difficulties . . . succeeded in gathering a collection of National papers which have opened up new fields of enquiry, have stimulated individual research and have directed widespread attention to the value of records of the past."

Queries came from near and far. Written enquiries constantly increased until in 1908 alone, 1,700 answers were sent out. By 1959 the number had grown to 7,270

Dr Arthur Doughty (seated), with Mr Grey and secretary Miss Macdonald, in the Archivist's office, 1910.

Below: Mr O. St. Amour in the photostat room of the old Archives Building, then in its early days.

and in 1965 the jump was to 11,886. The 1966 total records 13,927 enquiries. Correspondence requests for information show a fairly regular 15 per cent yearly increase. Of this the Manuscript Division handles about 65 per cent of incoming mail queries and the Picture Division is almost swamped with requests. This has been a regular pattern, but for this centennial year the routine has been greatly intensified in manuscript and picture divisions.

By 1925 a wing was added to the original building but four years later it too was overcrowded. Dr Doughty speaks in his report at that time of the constant growth of holdings. "Twenty-five years ago" he wrote, "everything was contained in a single room in the Langevin Building."

Model of Quebec City 1806-10, made by Captain John By assisted by Captain Duberger and held in the Public Archives Museum which has been transferred to the War Museum.

It seems that always the cry has been for more staff—more space. It is still so today, but more space is now available in the new quarters occupied in June 1967.

Looking toward more trained staff being available, a new program has been initiated. In the summer of 1959 the Archives gave, in collaboration with Carleton University, a three week course on archives principles and techniques. It was attended by eighteen people from all parts of the country. Other courses followed and more are planned for the future.

When Dr W. Kaye Lamb was appointed Dominion Archivist in 1948 he was charged with setting up the National Library, and is National Librarian as well. Library and Archives are now housed in one building instead of the scattered ones previously occupied.

Long ago when the old Archives Building was new, divisions were set up for ease of handling and storing the precious materials. The earliest document held is dated 1540, and there is an atlas of the year 1511. As the years progressed and the needs increased, these divisions were divided and sub-divided. The manuscript division, map division, picture division, library and museum; the photo copying and photography sections developed. When the wing was added a large area in a dry fireproof basement was allotted for the care of the old newspapers; the oldest is a *Halifax Gazette* of 1752, the oldest in the French language is an 1811 *L'Ami du Peuple*. Some are now held in binders covering issues for three months, some six months. In all, at least 1,200 different titles are held.

With the move this year the newspapers become a responsibility of the National Library. Not so the Archives library of which they had formed a part and which will be maintained, as in the past, to provide research facilities for students.

The Picture Division is constantly expanding and now has two sections and a Heraldry Unit. One section is responsible for all documentary paintings, drawings and prints. Its function is to acquire, preserve, store, identify, organize, historically evaluate, catalogue, and provide reference services. The photograph section, established three years ago, has the same responsibilities for photographs. The Division has a new restoration unit now in operation, and it has facilities for colour reproduction. Requests to the picture section in 1966 for material were 1,690. To fill them 6,253 reproductions were made.

The photograph collection dates from the 1850s and gives a good visual documentation of the nation. There

Early French newspapers in the old Archives Building preparatory to their move to the National Library.

are some thousand portraits, of which more than ninety per cent are identified; a thousand views of Canadian places, and many thousands of photographs relating to all phases of Canadian activity. When the photograph section was formed three years ago there were some 500,000 photographs and negatives on hand. Now the number has increased to 925,000. Last year half a million photographs were sent out; it is estimated that this year the number will reach 700,000.

Heraldry is now included in the Archives and this unit of the Picture Division is the repository for the Great Seals of Canada, after their use, and for the Privy Seals of the governors-general. A comprehensive register is being compiled of the Coats of Arms used by various Canadian corporate bodies and institutions.

The Map Division alone is a gold mine, with staggering figures to prove it. The 1511 atlas is valued at $28,000. There are 134,000 current topographic maps of foreign countries; 731 atlases, all archival items; 60,000 significant historical atlases and maps, and an additional 142,000 current maps. Last year no less than 11,097 items, both archival and current, were added. Such a study collection saves students much travelling.

For some two or three years now the museum that was so much a part of the Archives to the general public, has been housed in a separate building (Daly Building). As a general history museum, this will become a part of the National Museum, while adequate space has been provided in the new quarters for the continuation of a true Archives Museum.

As to the old Archives Building, it is to remain a museum in part, for the wing section will be basically a War Museum replacing the crowded structure formerly in use. Here the model of Quebec City built by John By (the founder of Bytown which later became Ottawa) will again be on view in the rooms where it was displayed for so many years.

A three-page letter in Colonel John By's own handwriting, written in 1811, is held at the Archives. In it he requests compensation and sets out the history of the model. In October 1806 Captain By received permission from Brigadier General Isaac Brock to build the model of Quebec. It was constructed in his own quarters there "with the necessary assistance of Capt. Duberger", four rooms being thrown into one for the purpose, with his landlord's approval. By states the model's scale to be 25 feet to the inch. Construction of the Quebec model continued from 1806 to 1810, on By's own time and expense, for which he was, subsequently, to be reimbursed. At the instance of the then Governor of Canada at Quebec, James Craig, the model was doubled in depth, extending back to include the martello tower overlooking the St Lawrence River on the left—the same tower beside which Wolfe died—and the General Hospital beside the bend of the St Charles River, on the right. Governor Craig also advised By to get authority to take the model to England under his own supervision, which he did, apparently, in December 1810. It was put on display in the Rotunda of Woolwich Arsenal in February 1811, when By had its original 18 sections erected there. The model remained on display until 1910 but the back nine sections were discarded in 1861, after the whole was out-of-date as a practical military defence mock-up (its original purpose). Hence, only the front nine sections of the original model survive today, but these include all of the old walled town.

Most provincial governments have become history conscious and established their own archives organizations. This is as it should be, the officials at the Public Archives of Canada feel. For while they long for Canadians to truly appreciate things historic, and not destroy old letters, documents and records without advice, they are quick to point out that much that turns up belongs to a specific province.

As in the past the Public Archives will continue to provide extensive facilities for historians, scholars, and government department research. Consultation is made as easy as possible; inquiries both oral and written are answered, photographic reproductions are supplied, microfilms loaned, and dormant departmental records are cared for and sorted for papers to be preserved at the Records Centre.

Canada's ghosts are truly available. ◆

The new National Library and Archives Building, overlooking the Garden of the Provinces Park.
MARION G. ROGERS

THE WOMAN WHO SPOKE TO A DOG

A story of the Coast Crees told
by a man of Winisk to Vita Rordam

ONCE UPON A TIME there was an old Indian who lived near James Bay with his four sons and two daughters; one of the girls was called Mary (Meni) and she was a very stubborn person and did not like to do as her father told her.

The old man had a dog, called Wabush, and this was a very clever dog. It seemed to understand everything people said, and the Indian had taught it to help him catch beaver and rabbits and other small animals.

Mary had the habit of talking to Wabush in the same way she spoke to people. Her father had often warned her not to do this unless it was necessary, but Mary did not pay any attention to what he said. One day when Mary had again spoken to Wabush as though he was a person, the Indian said to his daughter: "I have warned you many times, but you do not care what I say. Some day Wabush is going to answer you and I am sure you will be very surprised then, and maybe scared too!"

Mary said yes, she would be scared if the dog answered her, but she did not believe that such a thing could happen.

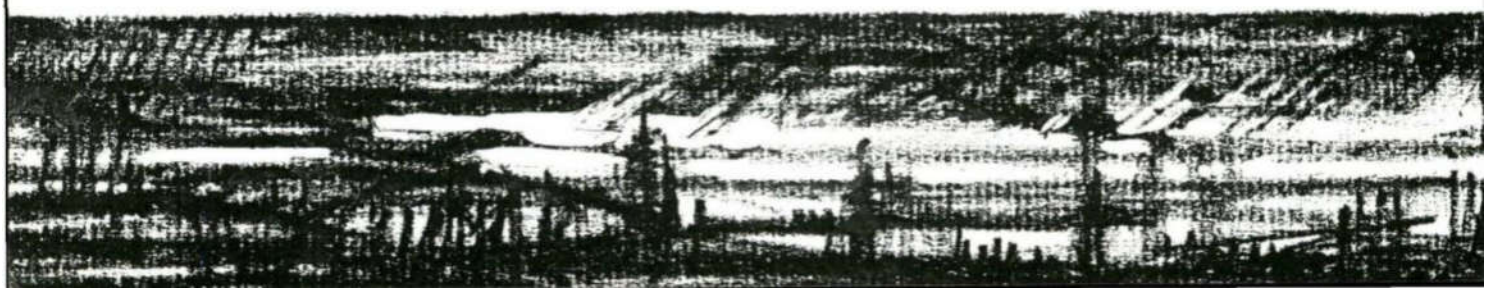
One time when this Indian was travelling through the bush with his family, they came to a beaver dam, and after looking around a bit, they could see that there were some beaver living in this place. They made camp close by and the following day the Indian and his children went over to the beaver house and they built a fence around it; they also blocked the little creek on both sides of the beaver house as the Indians usually do when they want to catch some beaver quickly. Wabush was there too, and only Mary had stayed home to do some chores at the camp.

At noon time the Indian and his family had caught two beaver and they decided to go back and have something to eat. Wabush ran quickly ahead of the people and when the dog came to the tent, it went inside. Mary was sitting on the ground and she asked the dog: "Did they catch any beaver, Wabush?" She repeated this question several times, and suddenly the dog looked at her and answered: "Yes, they caught two beaver! But tonight when you have eaten some of the beaver meat, you are going to die!"

The girl was very scared when the dog spoke like a human being, and also because Wabush had said that she was going to die. When her father and the others returned, she did not dare tell them anything about Wabush and what the dog had said, and she tried to believe that nothing was going to happen.

When the meal was ready, the Indian and his family sat round the fire and they were happy because they had so much good food to eat. Mary did not want to eat any of the meat but the others insisted that she eat some, and she took a small bone and chewed the meat off. Soon afterwards she became sick, she vomited and was bleeding from her stomach because she had swallowed a sharp piece of bone. About midnight she felt that she was going to die, and she told her father what had happened and when she had told her story, she died.

This happened long ago, but even today the Indians of Winisk and Severn and James Bay believe it is unwise to speak to a dog in the same way you speak to a human being, and this is the reason why they do not want to train their dogs to go hunting with them, or to bring back the geese, ducks and other birds or animals they shoot. ♦



NORTHERN BOOKS

THE JAMES EVANS STORY

By Nan Shipley. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1966.

Reviewed by L. G. Thomas

James Evans is one of the most remarkable figures in the history of missionary activity in the Canadian West. The man who invented Cree syllabics and thus provided the Indian and the Eskimo with a written language certainly deserves a place of honour in the Canadian memory.

Born in 1801 in the busy, grimy, English seaport of Kingston-upon-Hull, taken to sea at the age of nine by a reluctant father, the captain of a troopship, Evans was later apprenticed to a grocer, worked for a London glass company and in 1822 followed his family to Canada. He became a schoolmaster at L'Orignal, where he married Mary Blythe Smith, the daughter of the local doctor. His extraordinary ability as a linguist made him particularly valuable to the Methodist educational work among the Indians of Upper Canada and he taught in mission schools at Rice Lake and St Clair Rapids. It was at this time he began his translations into Ojibway. From 1838 he served for two years among the Indians north of Lake Superior and journeyed as far west as Rainy Lake.

In 1840 by agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company the English Wesleyans arranged to send missionaries to the Northwest. George Barnley was to go to Moose Factory, William Mason to Rainy Lake, Robert Rundle to Fort Edmonton, and Evans, now named Superintendent of Northern Missions, to establish headquarters at Norway House.

Accompanied by his wife and daughter and by the twenty-year-old Ojibway teacher Henry Bird Steinhauer, Evans travelled from Lachine to Fort William by steamer and thence by canoe to their destination. Cordially received by the chief factor, Donald Ross, and his wife, Evans' party was at first comfortably housed within the palisades of the post. The mission church and schoolhouse were built at the Indian village on Playgreen Island two miles across the water. There the Evans family moved three years later.

Evans' invention and development of the Cree syllabics and his ingenious construction of the Northwest's first printing press did not deter him from long journeys not only in the vicinity of Rossville but as far east as the Bay and as far west as Edmonton, Lesser Slave Lake, Dunvegan, and Chipewyan. It was on such a journey that there occurred the tragic accident by which Evans shot Thomas Hassell, his Chipewyan interpreter.

The comparative success of Evans' mission did not endear him to Sir George Simpson, who had little use for missionaries and none for those as independently minded as James Evans. Matters reached a climax in 1846 when Evans was tried at Rossville on charges of improper relations with Indian women connected with the mission and of responsibility for the death of Hassell. The charges were not sustained and when he went to England in 1846 he was fully vindicated by the Wesleyan authorities. He died suddenly in the same year, a few hours after he had spoken at a missionary rally at Keelby in Lincolnshire.

Evans is an arresting figure in the history of western Canadian missions. Quite apart from his success as a missionary his invention of syllabics, upon which the whole missionary effort insofar as it was directed to the Indian was to rest, entitles him to careful study. Mrs Shipley's book is not the biography he deserves. She claims that "there has been no deviation from any date or event recorded in the original letters, diaries and journals kept by the characters involved. . . . There is very little invented dialogue. It has been incorporated almost verbatim from the documents. . . ." There are no footnotes, no bibliography, no index to serve as guides to the reader. Many passages are italicized and the reader may perhaps safely assume that these are direct quotations, though the author makes no explicit statement to this effect. About the provenance of the dialogue, of which there is a good deal, he may have his suspicions in spite of the reassurance quoted above. There is a curious passage between Mary Evans and Mrs Swanston, wife of the factor at Fort William, about Queen Victoria's wedding dress. Mary Evans' thoughts occasionally appear in italics, but the words in which they are given shape have a ring that to some ears may suggest that the author is using not documents but a crystal ball. "*If only Jamie were less stubbornly idealistic*, she thought. *A more realistic man would carefully weigh the loss and gain to himself before confronting the autocratic little Emperor of a land twenty times the size of the British Isles*". This may have an authentic mid-Victorian tone, but some readers would welcome an opportunity to verify the reference. The sentence sounds as though it might be one of Mrs Shipley's own composition. She writes elsewhere of Simpson, "He was at the height of his popularity and physical vigour, though somewhat shorter than Evans had envisioned".

The author's knowledge of Evans' period seems unsure. To describe Middlechurch as "a village midway between the Red River Settlement and the Lower Fort Garry" does not suggest a very firm grasp of the historical geography of the Red River Valley. How dependable a guide is a writer who thus evokes a mid-nineteenth century Methodist chapel in Kingston-upon-Hull? "Seated in the congregation in the magnificent church, Mary noticed how the light from a hundred tall tapers was reflected in the stained glass windows. . . ." Or who thus characterizes the houses built for the Rossville mission? "Architecturally they were similar to all middle-class English homes of the period, having instead of thatched roofs a topping of overlaid birchbark. . . ."? Doubts are scarcely allayed by the attribution to Evans of the conversational use of the word "Anglican", a usage that seems an anachronism even though he was speaking of William Mason, elsewhere identified as having become a Puseyite. The sentence is set in quotation marks rather than in italics. It is therefore presumably "invented dialogue" and says little for Mrs Shipley's sense of period.

Evans' relations with the Hudson's Bay Company are of central importance to an understanding of his work. It seems clear that the Wesleyans at first received some encouragement from the Company and even from Simpson, though on this point one would like to know how much pressure was exerted by London Evangelicals. Simpson soon found Evans' insistence on such matters as the abandonment of Sunday tra-

vel intolerable and, as Professor Rich has noted, suggested his recall. Mrs Shipley in her preface specifically exonerates the Company from responsibility for the attempt to discredit the missionary though this does not seem consistent with her account of the involvement of Donald Ross.

The author has in William Mason her own candidate for the role of villain. At Mary Evans' first encounter with her husband's colleague "in spite of his good looks and his fine clothes and seeming affability" she "felt instantly antagonistic towards the man." His absence from his mission at Lac la Pluie is construed as insubordination, his marriage to the native-born Sophia Thomas as social climbing, his intimacy with Donald Ross an effort to displace Evans in the factor's esteem. The denigration of Mason reaches its climax in the account of the investigation of the charges of immorality against Evans.

The case for Mason's complicity is undoubtedly one that should be put but a more temperate and less prejudiced assessment of what real evidence there is would carry more conviction than the highly coloured version offered here. Sympathy with Evans is natural but Mrs Shipley goes to extremes in his defence and not only in her condemnation of Mason. No reasonable person would question the importance of Evans' work but it is too much to say that "in the two hundred years that the white man had been in the Northwest", he "had been the first to show any real concern for the natives' future."

The James Evans Story does its hero less than justice and has little but cautionary value for the student of western Canadian history. It is difficult to understand why such a book should bear the distinguished imprint of the Ryerson Press.

Professor Lewis G. Thomas is in the Department of History at the University of Alberta; his main interest is in western history and, in particular, in church history.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

By Robert Murphy. E. P. Dutton, New York; Clarke, Irwin & Company, Toronto, 1965. 157 Pages, illus. $4.95

Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

The golden eagle is a beautiful bird of prey, probably the most magnificent on the North American continent.

To see one close, to look into the unblinking yellow eyes under their hooded lids or to hear the roaring, express-train sound of the eagle stooping at his quarry, is to feel the familiar prickling of the scalp that accompanies some of life's high moments.

The problem is, however, that this great bird requires a large territory—uninhabited by man for choice—not only to thrive, but even to exist.

Protective regulations are enacted here and there to safeguard him, but in the last analysis, the only protection wild animals have is the goodwill shown towards them by humans.

Robert Murphy's book portrays the life of a golden eagle from her birth through her many adventures as her life intertwines with the lives of the other inhabitants (human and animal) of the eagle's range, and finally her tragic death from feeding on the poisoned carcass of a sheep killed by a rancher and left out for coyotes.

This book is a plea for a better understanding of the wildlife that shares the world with us. It is a good book, and though the reader may have a feeling at times—perhaps unwarranted—that the introduction here and there of informative zoological details in the midst of an action distracts from the impact of the story, it is still a story ably told and full of interest.

The attractive black and white illustrations are by John Schoenherr.

PHILIPS' HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CANADA

Edited by J. W. Chalmers, W. J. Eccles and H. Fullard. 1966. viii, 48 pages. Sole Distributors: Moyer Division, Vilas Industries, Toronto. Price $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. Nicholson

This is a neat, well-produced and inexpensive little atlas which will undoubtedly find a most useful place in the references available to students of geography and history in Canadian schools. Ten pages are devoted to the territorial-political evolution of Canada; one to boundary disputes, five to military battles and campaigns and four to the routes of explorers. Others deal with settlement patterns, population distribution and origin, and six cartograms, rather than maps, show the distribution of seats, by provinces, as a result of federal general elections. The final third or so of the atlas deals with economic matters—transportation, mining, energy, forestry, farming, fishing and manufacturing. As is the case with many "historical atlases" much of this information deals with the present situation rather than the past. Thus it is that one can refer to an historical atlas as being "up-to-date". Certainly this one is. The mineral map for example, shows the recent potash developments in the prairies; the railway map the new line to Great Slave Lake and the abandonment of the London and Port Stanley line.

Many of the maps, in both their style and content closely resemble the sheets of the *Atlas of Canada* published by the Federal Government in 1958. It is regrettable that this is not acknowledged, apart from the footnote on the page of population diagrams on p. iv and yet it is encouraging to know that the work of a government agency can have such results. Some topics are original, for example, the polar projection map entitled "World War II and after". This shows staging routes, defence networks and the like. Only four of the five northern weather stations are indicated however, Isachsen on Ellef Ringnes Island having been omitted. This map also shows the Canadian "Polar Sector" which is, surprisingly, missing from an earlier similar map "Canada—its relation to surrounding countries".

The atlas concludes with a useful three-page "index" (although this might better have been called a gazeteer) for this clearly executed collection of maps.

Professor Nicholson, one-time head of the government Geographical Branch, is Assistant Dean in the Faculty of Graduate Studies at the University of Western Ontario.

PEOPLE OF LIGHT AND DARK

Edited by Maja van Steensel. Queen's Printer, Ottawa, 1966. 156 pages, illus. $2.50.

The quick and easy way to learn about Canada's many-faceted northland and how it is changing is to buy this inexpensive handbook, and its predecessor, published in 1964, *The Unbelievable Land* (also $2.50).

As everyone knows, there are countless "experts" on the Arctic. Miss van Steensel has sorted out the genuine authorities, induced them to make time to prepare short articles (they were originally broadcast talks), and ensured that they were intelligible

to the layman—not always an easy task when a specialist writes on a technical subject.

It would be invidious to pick out names of contributors, but their subjects range from prehistory to the application of contemporary law, from the days of barter to the co-operative movement, from whaling to mental health. Greenland, Alaska, and USSR are not forgotten. Brief biographies establish the identity of each writer.

These books, prepared with the assistance of the National Museum and the Arctic Institute of North America are issued by the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. They are attractive, handy, and they have sections of good illustrations. In the second book the trick of detaching the caption from the picture is rather irritating, and the captions themselves are often decidedly inadequate. On the other hand, a useful innovation is the addition of bibliography and index.

There is great current interest in the Arctic and with these books available no one need be uninformed, or have to rely on quick-trip experts who disseminate much nonsense. They are heartily recommended.

ALBERTA: A NATURAL HISTORY

Editor-in-Chief, W. G. Hardy. Hurtig Publishers, Edmonton, Alberta, 1967. 343 pages, illus. 2nd printing after 2 weeks $7.50.

For anyone looking for a bargain in books, this is it. Moreover it is a refreshingly different natural history, far less restricted than most. The whole field of nature is covered, the land and the sky, geology and climate, animals and plants, and man—whose effect upon his environment is profound and vital but who is seldom included in a book on "natural history".

Such extensive coverage means, of course, many authors if the subjects are to be reliably treated. This has been achieved by assembling the work of twenty-five specialists, the aggregate of whose knowledge would be hard to equal. They have written in language that is not technical and for those who want to make more intensive studies reading lists have been appended.

The book is divided into three parts: the land, flora and fauna, and man. In the chapters on flora and fauna the ecology of each area—prairies, boreal forest, Cypress Hills and so on—is stressed to give a complete presentation and illustrations are closely linked with the text. The illustrations throughout the book, photographs, drawings, maps, are plentiful and excellent, a great many of them in colour.

The part on man has chapters on the first known inhabitants, the early explorers, and the impact of the white man. To provide an intelligent setting these articles naturally range far beyond the boundaries of Alberta, from the first assumed Bering Strait migrations to the explorations of the fur traders from the east.

This book should have a strong appeal for any western readers, not only those in Alberta. Its low price was made possible by the sponsorship of numerous societies and the generous patronage of four provincial utilities companies as a centennial project.

THE GREAT CANADIAN SKIN GAME

By W. A. McKay. Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, 1967. 88 pages, illustrated by Leo Rampen. $3.95

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

When, a number of years ago, I read W. C. Sellar's *1066 and All That* I found myself confused, for I could not distinguish between truth and error, so superficial was my knowledge of English history, but I enjoyed it just the same.

Now I have read W. A. McKay's *The Great Canadian Skin Game* and once again I found myself confused and dismayed but, knowing the history of the Hudson's Bay Company a good deal better than I do that of England, I thought I smelt a rat, and not a muskrat either. In a sense, I had already read the book, for most of it first appeared in four instalments in *The Beaver* ("The Story of the Canadian Fur Trade," 1965) and I had not then detected any peculiar odour, in fact I welcomed a humorous approach to the fur trade as something new and very likely amusing.

What puzzled me was the fact that there are errors in dates and facts in the book, whereas there had been none, or none that I detected, in *The Beaver*. They say: "If you want to know, ask!" and so I asked the author, who explained the situation easily enough. He had, he told me, been more concerned in producing a readable book than in striving for strict historical accuracy and that, surely enough, may be allowed as author's licence.

This author, of course, is one who ought to know what he is writing about, for he is the son of a Hudson's Bay Company factor and grew up in the Service on the prairies. He is perfectly familiar with the amusing side of the fur trade, and there certainly is one, as well as with the more serious aspects of it. Some of his wit is acid, some is broad, but all of it grows out of the background quite logically enough.

The text is illustrated by Leo Rampen with clever, crisp, economical line drawings well worthy of a careful examination. They are wholly delightful.

Here is just the right Christmas present for somebody who knows enough about the subject to appreciate the book's merits and is willing to swallow with a good grace the liberties the author has allowed himself. I liked it.

Retired anthropologist, Dr Leechman is one of the editors of the new "Dictionary of Canadianisms", his specialty being terms used in the fur trade.

VANCOUVER ISLAND'S WEST COAST 1762-1962

By George Nicholson. Obtainable from the author, 950 Rockland Ave., Victoria, B.C. 356 pages, illus. map. $10.00.

Reviewed by C. H. Little

Facing page 329 of *Vancouver Island's West Coast* is a photograph of the author at the door of his office in Zeballos with signs announcing his various responsibilities ranging from Postmaster, J.P., Coroner, Deputy Mining Recorder and Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, through representative of the Department of Transport and Veterans Affairs to agent for Standard Oil Co. of B.C. and Zeballos Trading Co. Ltd. This photograph with its inset of a 35-foot totem presented to Major Nicholson by the Ehatisaht Indians when they made him a local chief might well serve as a capsule review of the wide range of subjects to be found in this unique history of Vancouver Island's West Coast. Written in a free journalistic style (I believe many of the chapters originally appeared in the Victoria *Colonist*) there is no lack of those personal details which are the essentials of local history. To tell the story of a continent the basic facts suffice but to bring alive one shore of an island an author must rely on the names, faces, and deeds of individuals. These Major Nicholson provides in full measure.

Spanish scholars may not be entirely satisfied with the spelling of words in their language but seafarers will find a special bonus deriving from the author's index and particulars of the 243 ships wrecked on the west coast. (In this connection the Thermopylae Club has played an essential part in its tireless search for facts and records.) Another feature is provided by 110 photographs, some from the Provincial Archives and other historical sources but most from private albums and collections. The latter will become important primary sources of British Columbia's history long after the individuals concerned can no longer be described in the present tense.

For those like myself with a particular interest in the maritime history of British Columbia this book is a valuable adjunct to such classics as Capt. John T. Walbran's *British Columbia Coast Names*, 1909 (now unhappily out of print but one of the remaining copies is in the library of H.M.C.S. *Naden*, Esquimalt) to which the author pays generous tribute. Canadians will be prouder of their history when they know more about the people who explored and settled our country and left behind the memorial of their names.

Commander Little, R.C.N.(Ret.) is currently with the Royal Commission on Pilotage. He has written numerous articles on Pacific Coast maritime history.

MONTREAL AND THE FUR TRADE

By E. E. Rich. McGill University Press, Montreal, 1966. 99 pages, $2.95.

Reviewed by F. Mason Wade

In this slim volume Dr E. E. Rich of Cambridge University, the well known historian of the Hudson's Bay Company, outlines the history of the Montreal fur trade in three lectures he delivered at McGill University. The first is devoted to the trade in the French period; the second to the British effort from 1763 to 1794 to maintain the southwestern trade as well as the northwestern one, despite the emergence of the American frontier; and the third to the North West Company, the great rivals of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Deploring the tendency of historians of the fur trade to deal with it either as an economic process or "a series of ecstatic biographies," Dr Rich has chosen to emphasize the geographic facts which constituted the essential basis of the trade throughout its history. Considering this emphasis, it is unfortunate that despite his intimate and thorough knowledge of the trade, particularly in its European ramifications, Dr Rich's notions of North American geography occasionally seem hazy. The North American reader is baffled by such observations as "the [trading] route from Lake Ontario to Lake Champlain and from there to Ticonderoga (the Mohawk Trail)," and reference to French expansion "from Florida up into Arkansas and Michigan". But Dr Rich is happier in his analysis of the British trade, and the book can be recommended as a lively brief introduction to that trade, which was such an important factor in the early history of the United States as well as that of British North America.

Professor Wade, author of "The French Canadians 1760-1945" published in 1955, is head of the Department of History at the University of Western Ontario.

PATTERNS OF CANADA

(Compiled for The Royal Canadian Geographical Society), edited by William J. Megill. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1966. 278 pages, $12.50.

Reviewed by S. A. Smith

This book is divided into six sections: The Pattern of the Land, Spreading out the Pattern, Pattern of a Nation, Patterns of Growth, Patterns of Change, Patterns of the Future.

The articles cover a wide range of interesting subjects—Canada's Debt to the Indian, The People of Canada, Voyageur's Highway, the *St. Roch* and the Northwest Passage, Aluminium at Kitimat, Iron Ore at Knob Lake, Nickel at Thompson, Fishing, and Explorers. With so much emphasis today on Arctic Canada it was surprising not to see an article on Eskimos.

The weakest section is Pattern of a Nation containing articles on Montreal, Halifax, Ottawa, and Vancouver. With the exception of Halifax (1949) all articles were written in the 1930's. In "La Ville de Montréal" the editor says "the details of tall buildings and other facts as they appeared in 1931 . . . have been omitted . . . allowing the timeless character of Montreal to show through". One appreciates what the editor was trying to do. But the article is illustrated with beautiful modern buildings with nothing in the text to indicate the excitement and growth of Canada's largest city.

Most of these stories have been previously published in the *Canadian Geographical Journal*, and in the foreword Mr Megill notes: "My own task as editor has been to prepare the selected articles for publication. Many have necessarily been reduced in length . . .". But if one wishes to consult the original articles it can be a frustrating project. There is nothing to indicate, for instance, that "Christmas with Samuel Hearne" by Charles W. Jefferys, or "Fraser Rides the Fraser" by Lawrence J. Burpee were published in the Journal, yet they appeared in the December 1935 and September 1946 issues.

Some of the pictures are disappointing, especially the colour shots on pp 14 and 15. There are many good photographs of wheat available, so it is difficult to understand why the photo on page 226 was used.

Regardless of these minor irritations this is a book containing thirty-four informative articles written by such well-known Canadians as Arthur Lower, W. L. Morton, and N. A. M. MacKenzie. It is recommended to those interested in increasing their knowledge of Canada.

Mrs Smith is the Hudson's Bay Company librarian.

SON OF RAVEN SON OF DEER

By George Clutesi. Gray's Publishing, Sidney, B.C., 1967. 126 pages, illus. $4.75.

These are tales handed down by George Clutesi's Tse-shaht (Sheshaht) people for generations. They are concerned with two characters, Ah-tush-mit who is the 'boy-deer' and Ko-ishin-mit the raven son, the former, gentle, kind, sometimes gullible, the latter, greedy and foolish.

In the totemic symbolism of the animal and bird clans there is confusion as to whether the character is human or animal, but that is the way it is when the origin of the Nootka clans is involved, and it is an element of the stories in stressing the closeness and importance of all living things. In fact, an introduction to ecology.

The tales are pleasing and most have a moral attached to instill right thinking into the growing child. Clutesi in his introduction stresses the difference between the stories told by his people and the nursery rhymes of the white people which are usually unreasonable and frequently horrific.

Not only does Clutesi write the stories, he also illustrates them, with bold line drawings. It is a pleasing book. We think children will like it.

Les Feux-Follets

This new national folk dance company was sponsored on its first tour of Western Canada, early in 1967, as one of the major Centennial undertakings of the Hudson's Bay Company. Apart from more than 20 public performances, the company made appearances in The Bay in six larger centres. The program presented by Les Feux-Follets—"The Canadian Mosaic"—was felt to be eminently suited to a Centennial promotion theme. It consists of ten suites, a sea-to-sea dramatization, through song, dance, setting and costume of the legends and customs of the first Canadians—Indians and Eskimos, the French and English Scottish and Acadian settlers, and the European immigrants.

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